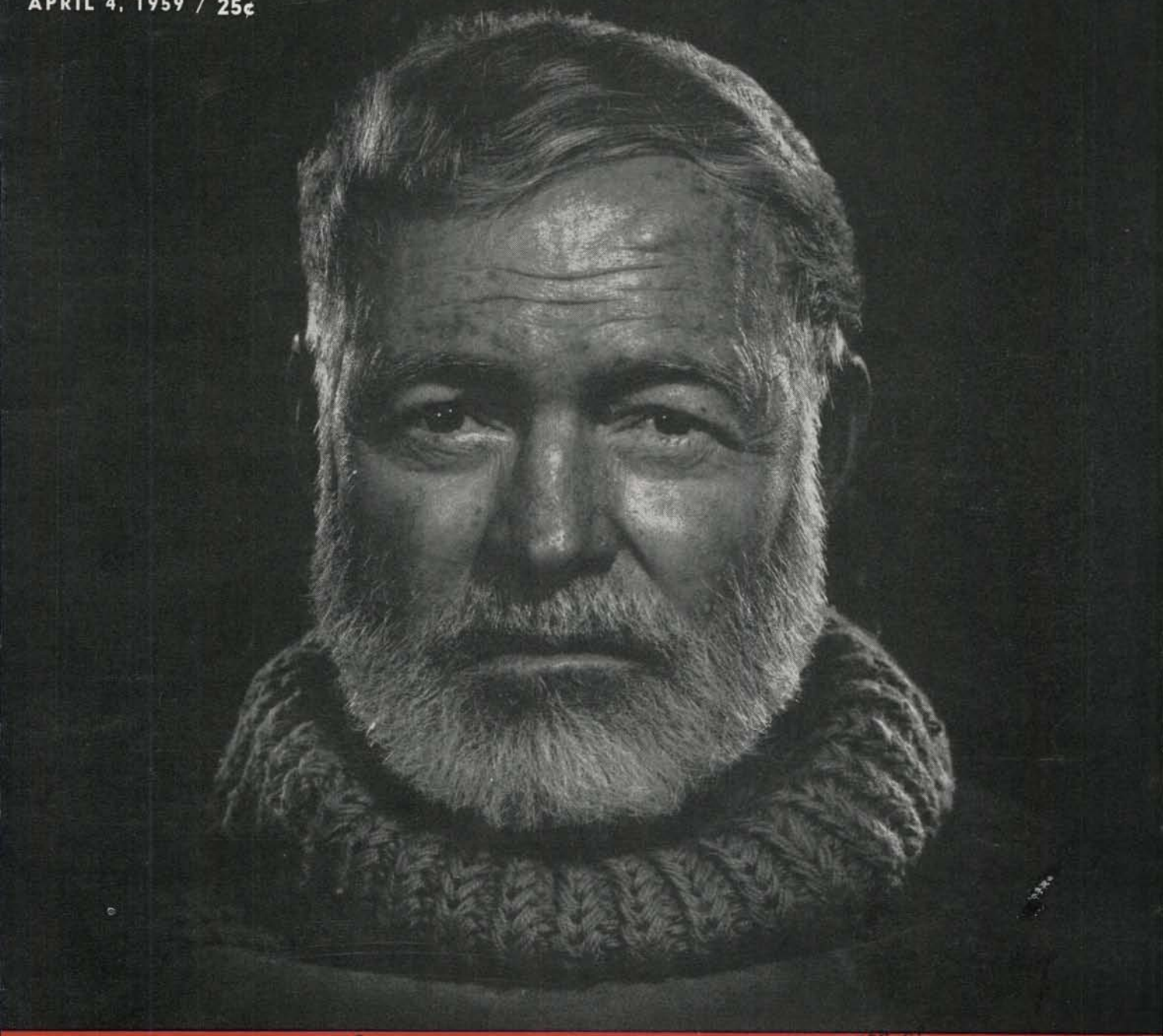
Saturday Review

APRIL 4, 1959 / 25¢



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"The Great and Small in Ernest Hemingway" by Max Eastman *(See page 13)*

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SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHAT SR READERS THINK ABOUT MAN IN SPACE

AUTO FASHIONS 1959—THE COMPACT CAR

By Ken Purdy

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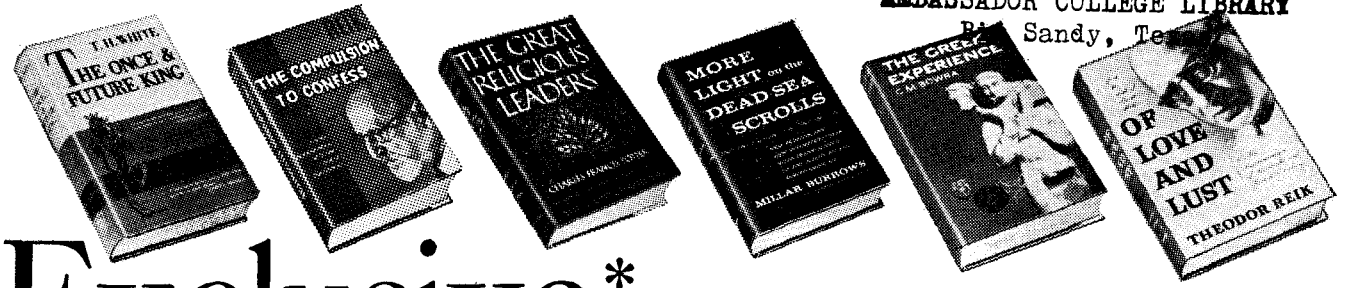

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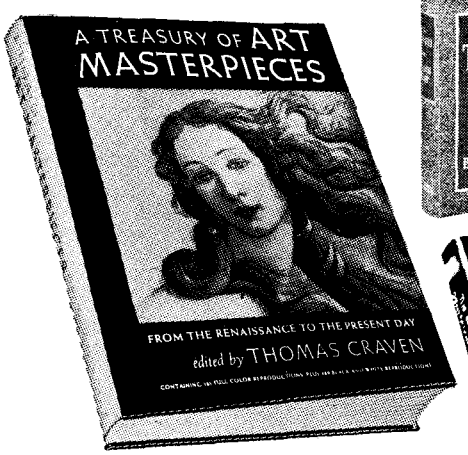

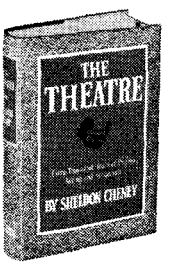

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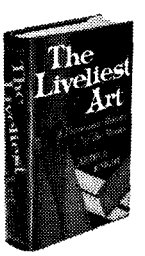

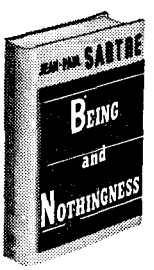

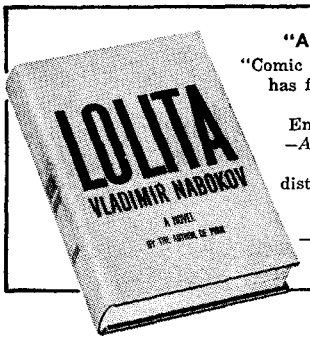

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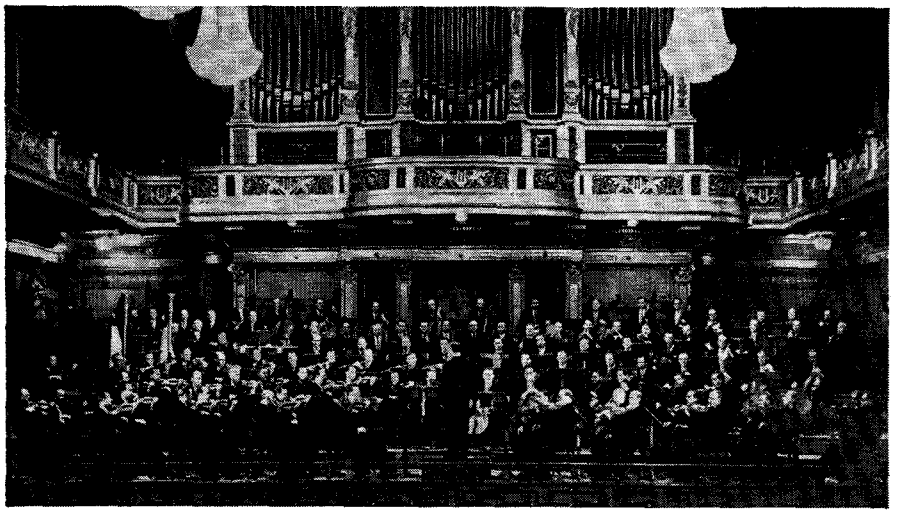

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SCRIBNERS

FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

IT ISN'T every month that we explode three atomic bombs in space six months ago. At last we've learned not to speak at all but carry a big anti-missile missile—presumably, of course, to stay out of an anti-war war. Also, it isn't every month that we find some new religious scrolls. We kept these a secret too—since 1946. Nowadays, apparently, you can't be too careful—even with a new Gospel.

• • In New York, while Governor Rockefeller was fighting for his Presidential life ("I never thought I'd live to see the day," one anti-taxes taxi-driver told us, "when a Rockefeller would be asking *me* for money"), the National Book Awards were not only a clean sweep for the West Coast, but also for the principle of non-best-sellers. Indeed, the Madame de Stael book, the most "popular" of the choices, even occasioned a dissent—albeit an incredibly ill-mannered one—by judge Walt "Pogo" Kelly. At the PEN aftermath, we heard criticism of everything from Senator Kennedy's past Pulitzer to Elizabeth Taylor's future Oscar. ("These days," says Bruce Barton, "you have to be pretty nimble to avoid an award.")

• • On the TV front, while a lady in Long Beach had a baby watching the late late show, *Madison Avenue*, the magazine of New York advertising, ran a picture of the group involved in the production of just one sixty-second TV commercial. The picture showed forty people. Actually, there were also, the magazine stated, twenty more, and altogether it took 400 man-hours to do the job, and might have cost, the magazine admitted, $20,000. Somehow such know-how only made us want to know why, and we were all ready to applaud a new anti-TV magazine advertising campaign based on "doers" vs. "lookers"—until we learned that the first ad would run, of all places, in *Look*.

• • The revolution of the month was in Iraq. And the big news was, of course, foreign aid. We pays our money all right, but we don't necessarily takes our choice. Up in Central Park, chess player Paul Parsons slammed down a magazine with an article about why still another country didn't like us. "Dammit," he said, "what I'd like to read is just *one* article on why we don't like *them*!" The big irony of it all is that in the days when we didn't care so much whether we were liked or not, we *were* pretty well liked. Take Hollywood, for example. Now it wants to be liked so much it's going to make films in two versions. In the production of "The Key," for instance, American audiences will see, at the end, William Holden catching the train on which Sophia Loren is fleeing. Audiences abroad will see Holden missing the train. Over here, it seems, we've got to have our happy endings, while over there, apparently, they're only happy when they're unhappy. Also, the Italians want blonde heroines, the Scandinavians, brunette. What can we do? Why, again, make two versions, of course, and have the star dye her hair.

• • If only things were as simple when it comes to projecting abroad the "American Image." Recently, for example, Lynn Farnol and his boys got ahold of the Cigar Institute of America and decided to transform the "cigar image" from the symbol of the gangster and the comedy prop to "man's favorite dream role" (matador, lion tamer, caveman, etc.). Everything was going fine until last month when one of their ads went to Spain and the Spanish got a good look at an American male model in front of a gentle-looking bull. Then there was *olé* hell to pay. For once, however, we held our ground, and although male model matador H. L. Whitney didn't go as far as we personally would have gone in telling the bully-boys off, he did announce he was thoroughly sick of this kind of anti-American attack

• • The month also saw, in this connection, an article by historian Allan Nevins asking us to disown Uncle Sam. In Mr. Nevins's view, Sam, for these times, lacks not only "the grace of a Southern gentleman . . . the breezy buoyancy of a Texan . . . the concentrated energy of the modern industrialist . . ." but also, "with his flamboyant garb and highest-common-denominator air, he completely lacks any element of idealism," and is, all in all, "outworn, childish and misleading."

Well, as we've said before, nick names are a perilous business and as a matter of fact, they always have been. As far back as 1727, the English wit, Dr. Arbuthnot, fixed the popula

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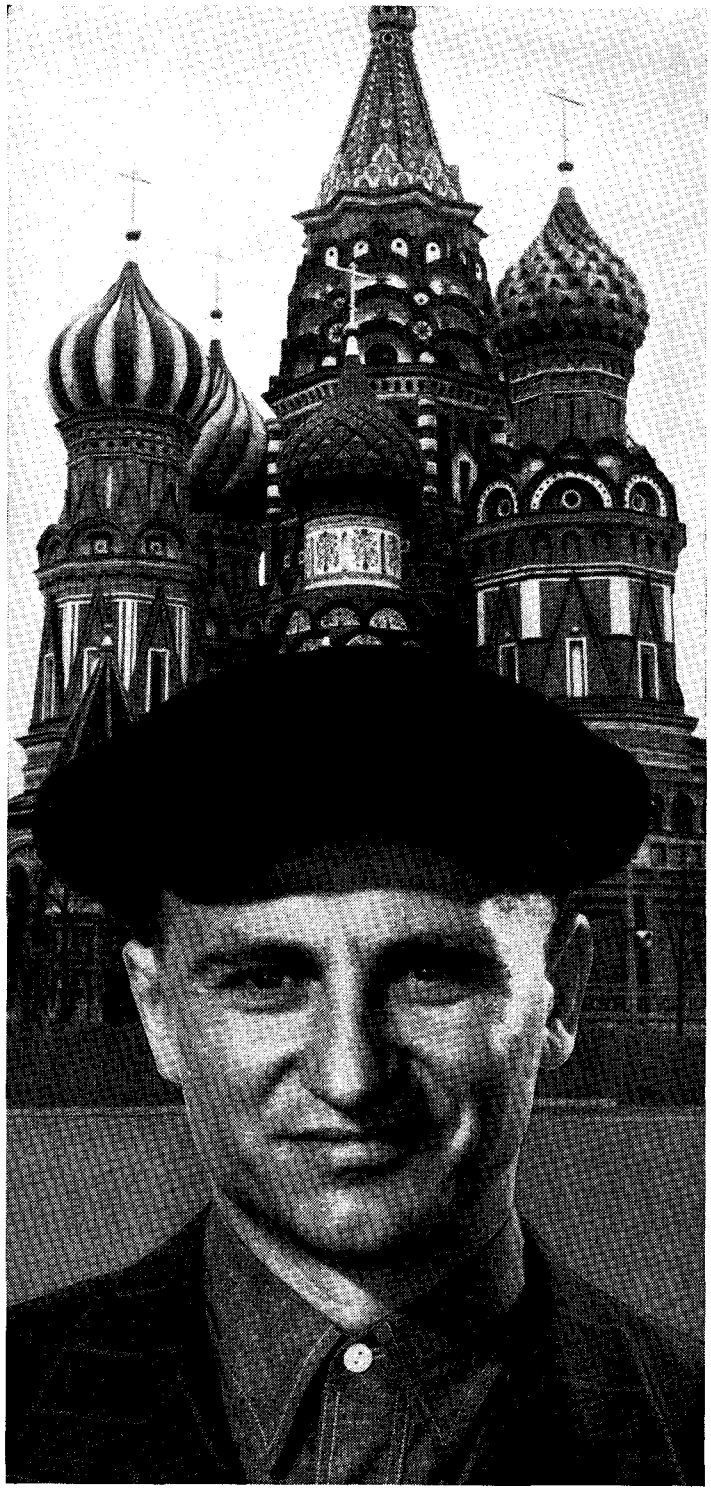
Will he take away an American steelworker's job?



Meet Vladimir Petrov, Russian steelworker. He earns about 56 rubles a day.

American steelworkers earn about $24.00 a day... four times as much as steelworkers of Western Europe, over four times as much as Vladimir, and seven times as much as Japanese steelworkers.

So what?

So this: Many foreign countries have zoomed their output of steel – they're selling it all over the world–and in increasing amounts even in the U.S.A. For instance, more barbed wire is being imported here from abroad than American mills are producing.

Soaring costs in this country are hurting the American steelworker as he tries to compete with his counterparts all over the world... European and Japanese steel producers are even now underselling American steel right here in this country. Some American steelworkers have already lost their jobs just for this reason; foreign steelworkers have gotten their jobs.

Certainly it will not help America if the spread between U.S. and foreign wages is increased. It will only serve to export jobs.

Isn't it time to stop this inflationary rise in wage costs that is undermining the job security of American workers?

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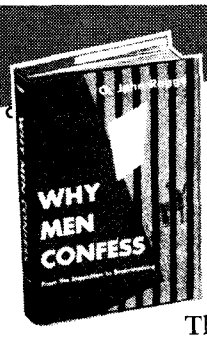

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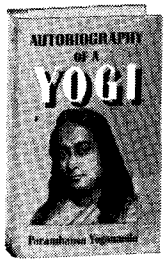

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conception (though he did not invent the nickname) of John Bull. Altogether it wasn't very helpful. Over here, we were coming along, first with "Yankee" and then with Uncle Sam. The "Yankee," derived from the Dutch "Jan" (John) and "Kees" (Cheese), was a common nickname for Dutch buccaneers on the Spanish Main and somehow came to be applied, first derisively and then with respect, to the Revolutionists by British soldiers. (The theory that British Indians gave the British the idea by saying "John Cheese" quickly and with a British accent has never been satisfactorily proven, any more than has the idea that it was the French Indians trying to say "Anglais.") The name of Uncle Sam, on the other hand, was first used in 1812 in Troy, New York, when meat purchased by the Government for the Army was officially inspected by a meat-packer named Samuel Wilson, who was called "Uncle" to distinguish him from a younger Samuel Wilson in the same town. Then when, as "GIs" (sic) will, the soldiers began calling the meat "Uncle Sam's" because of the "U.S." stamp (which was for the United States, of course, not Uncle Sam) the die was cast—which is now apparently dead.

• • We need, apparently, a new Uncle. Well, we have a suggestion. Before Uncle Sam and the War of 1812 (which wasn't a very good war anyway when you come right down to it) the United States already had a much better nickname. It came about during the Revolution when General Washington, on assuming command of the New England forces, was in dire straits for arms and turned, in his emergency, to Connecticut Governor Jonathan Trumble. "We must," Washington said, "consult Brother Jonathan." This expression was apparently repeated on other difficult occasions and "Brother Jonathan" became the new nickname for the whole new country.

Well, brother, we certainly have difficulties now, and for our "American image" abroad "Brother Jonathan" would seem to be just what the doctor ordered to fill the bill—and bill it is. He wasn't any unsophisticated, dollar-signy-looking meat-packer—indeed, when the Revolution began he was the only Colonial governor to take the Revolutionary side, and, on his death, Washington himself said that his services "justly entitled him to first place among the patriots." And then, too, anyone abroad can easily say "Yankee, Go Home!" or "Uncle Sam, Go Home!"—but who, we ask you, could possibly say, "Brother Jonathan, Go Home"?

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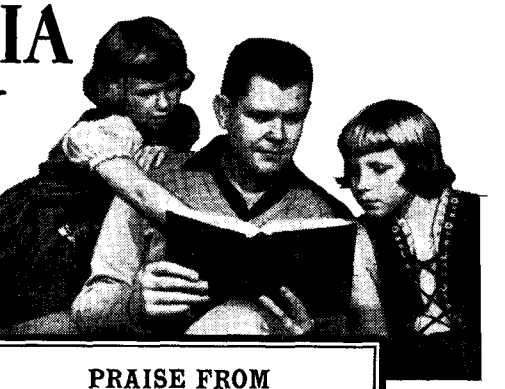
AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR ANY FAMILY THAT HAS EVER CONSIDERED BUYING AN ENCYCLOPEDIA



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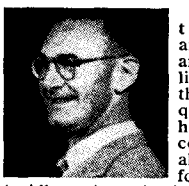

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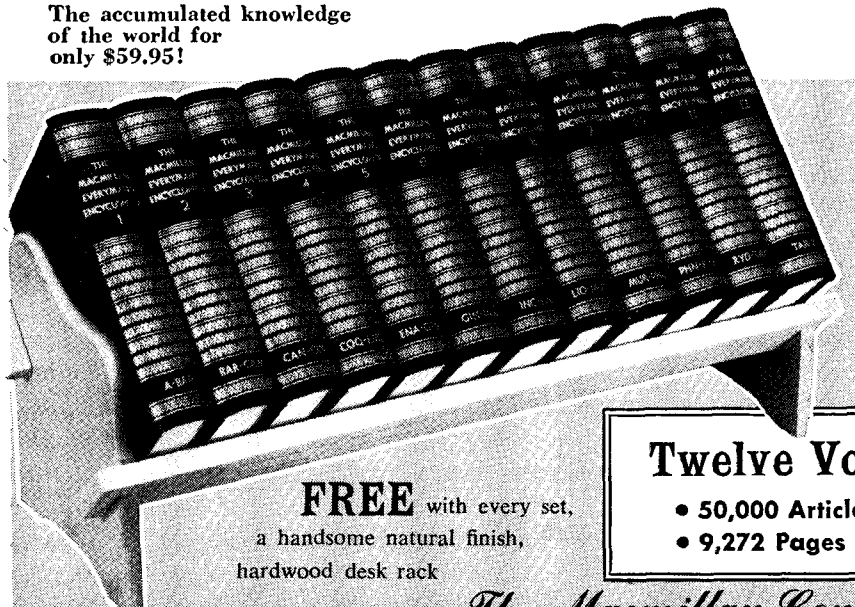

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by Robert Rienow & Leona Train Rienow

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TRADE Winds

IT WAS A SUNDAY, much like any other Sunday.

People in Pelham, Bangor, Keokuk, Sioux Falls, and Painted Post, N. Y., were nursing babies, hangovers, grudges, and the Sunday *Times.*

The news broke with what has been called dramatic suddenness, incredible impact, or breathless excitement, depending on which cliché you prefer.

Said *The New York Times*: "It is as if the presidents of General Motors, Chrysler, and Ford left their jobs to start a new automobile company."

It was referring to Messrs. Simon Michael Bessie, a senior editor of Harper & Brothers; Hiram Haydn, editor-in-chief of Random House; and Alfred Knopf, Jr., vice-president of Alfred A. Knopf. They were leaving their jobs to start an entirely new publishing house, which has not, up to the time of this writing, decided on a name to trade under.

EXACTLY ONE WEEK later, the *New York Herald Tribune,* not to be outdone by the *Times,* sounded the front-page news that top figures in the television industry, three national magazines, a lawyer, an editor, and, of all things, the Diners' Club, have herded together to form another new publishing firm, with distribution to be handled by Random House. Under the name of Bernard Geis Associates, they are announcing five new books for the fall list, to be imprinted as Star Press Books.

THESE TWO ANNOUNCEMENTS, coming in such fleet succession, are causing a buzz in publishing circles equaled only by three battalions of hornets using electric razors. The book business has always been rather gummy as far as spot news is concerned. Inside stories rarely hit the inside news pages, let alone the *front* pages of two of the most influential Sunday papers in the country. Cocktail talk is frenzied and ardent. Except for the quiet entrance of McDowell, Obolensky into the field in 1957, little has been stirring in the trade. What's next? One rumor is that another well-known editor and an equally well-known literary agent have plans in the works, but this is being kept very muffled at the moment.

Rumors that all kinds of emotional upheavals have resulted from the Bessie-Haydn-Knopf combination have been rampant along the Madison-Fourth Avenue axis.

Armed with a non-skip ballpoint, we set out to track them down.

MIKE BESSIE, at his desk at Harper's, felt considerably overcome by the fuss and fury.

"The one way to get on the front page of the Sunday *Times,*" he told us, "is to *not* want to be there. I'm afraid the whole thing broke prematurely, and we all have a lot of important responsibilities to clean up before we can turn all our attention to the job. Of course, it's a great honor to be treated so generously by the press, and I frankly have been overwhelmed and reassured by the colossal amount of good will shown by everybody in the business.

"I can emphasize the fact that we do not intend to be merely publishers of quality paperbacks, as some notices have mentioned. We will be standard trade book publishers, with a desire to market books aggressively and intelligently—and we'll publish a book in the form it best deserves.

"In the meanwhile, there's a lot of spade work to get done."

WE FOUND Alfred Knopf, Jr.—better known as Pat—at his new home on a wooded knoll in Westport, an attractive modern house designed by Ralph Alswang, the theater man. He was relaxing in a gray sweater and khaki slacks, and happy about the whole idea.

"I'm not sure, but I think we're the first publishing house started up by three men who have had such a long, solid experience in the business before taking the jump. We're not kids, any of us. [Knopf and Bessie are in their forties; Haydn in his fifties.] We've got background, know-how, and energy—and one thing we've made sure of is that we've assembled plenty of capital. Without an adequate amount of financing, publishing can be suicidal."

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[Reports from various sources in the trade state that the amount stands at well over a million. Pat Knopf would not deny this.]

"In general, publishers have a tendency to be under-capitalized, and we don't intend to fall into this trap," Knopf continued. "We'll have some paperback books, of course, but we'd eliminate fifty per cent of our market if we failed to bring out hard-cover standards.

"We're not going to be in any rush about our first list, and will probably hold off until the summer of 1960 before it appears. We still haven't got a name for the firm yet, but we've considered dozens. We're going to have a small, unpretentious office to start with, and I don't think we'll have any trouble staffing it, because we've received 150 to 200 applications already from people who want to go to work for us.

"A lot of people have asked us why we have given up the security of our jobs—all of which were pretty stable, to say the least. I think it's a natural and invigorating thing. Most people like to make it on their own, and we decided it was either now or never.

"But one thing I'd like to emphasize is the fact that everybody on *both* sides of the fence is happy and content with the venture. There is no ill-feeling anywhere, any place—and rumors going around to that effect are simply completely out of line.

"We're glad we were able to bring the book business in general to the front page of the *Times*—and through a lot of new ideas, we hope to spread books beyond their present horizons."

BRIDGING BOTH OF the new publishing operations is former TRADE WINDS columnist Bennett Cerf. He has lost his editor-in-chief—and at the same time, has gained the distribution franchise for the Star Press Books. We caught him briefly by phone in Mt. Kisco.

"I think this is going to be the most exciting year in the history of publishing," Cerf said. "Publishing is going to be bouncing more than ever—and I'm going to be bouncing along with it." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1305)

P. G. WODEHOUSE:
COCKTAIL TIME

"Yes, that was old Saxby all right. I recognize his peculiar conversational methods. Every time I meet him, he asks me if I have seen Flannery lately. Who the hell Flannery is I have never been able to ascertain. When I reply that I have not, he says, 'Ah? And how *was* he?'"

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

VIVE LE POPCORN!

The other day as I was walking down the street picking up tinfoil, (Marlboro, incidentally, has the best tinfoil, which is not surprising when you consider that they have the best cigarettes, which is not surprising when you consider that they take the best filters and put them together with the best tobaccos and rush them to your tobacco counter, fresh and firm and loaded with smoking pleasure).

The other day, I say, as I was walking down the street picking up tinfoil, (I have incidentally, the second largest ball of tinfoil in our family. My brother Eleanor's is bigger—more than four miles in diameter—but, of course, he is taller than I). The other day, as I was saying, while walking down the street picking up tinfoil, I passed a campus and right beside it, a movie theatre which specialized in showing foreign films. Most campuses have foreign movie theatres close by, because foreign movies are full of culture, art, and esoterica, and where is culture more rife, art more rampant, and esoterica more endemic than on a campus?

Nowhere; that's where.

I hope you have all been taking advantage of your local foreign film theatre. Here you will find no simple-minded Hollywood products, marked by treacly sentimentality and machine-made bravura. Here you will find life itself—in all its grimness, its poverty, its naked, raw passion!

Have you, for instance, seen the recent French import, *Le Crayon de Mon Oncle* ("The Kneecap"), a savage and uncompromising story of a man named Claude, whose consuming ambition is to get a job as a meter reader with the Paris water department? But he is unable, alas, to afford the flashlight one needs for this position. His wife, Bon-Bon, sells her hair to a wigmaker and buys him a flashlight. Then, alas, Claude discovers that one also requires a leatherette bow tie. This time his two young daughters, Caramel and Nougat, sell their hair to a wigmaker. So now Claude has his leatherette bow tie, but now, alas, his flashlight battery is burned out and the whole family, alas, is bald.

Or have you seen the lastest Italian masterpiece, *La Donna E Mobile* (I Ache All Over), a heart-shattering tale of a boy and his dog? Malvolio, a Venetian lad of nine, loves his little dog with every fibre of his being. He has one great dream: to enter the dog in the annual Venetian dog show. But this alas, requires an entrance fee, and Malvolio, alas, is penniless. However, he saves and scrimps and steals and finally gets enough together to enter the dog in the show. The dog, alas, comes in twenty-third. Malvolio sells him to a vivisectionist.

Or have you seen the new Japanese triumph, *Kibutzi-San* (The Radish), a pulse-stirring historical romance about Yamoto, a poor farmer, and his daughter Ethel who are accosted by a warlord one morning on their way to market? The warlord cuts Yamoto in half with his samurai sword and runs off with Ethel.

...alas, his flashlight battery is burned out

When Yamoto recovers, he seeks out Ethel's fiancé, Red Buttons, and together they find the warlord and kill him. But, alas, the warlord was also a sorcerer and he whimsically turned Ethel into a whooping crane. Loyal Red Buttons takes Ethel home where he feeds her fish heads for twenty years and keeps hoping she'll turn back into a woman. She never does. Alas.

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* * *

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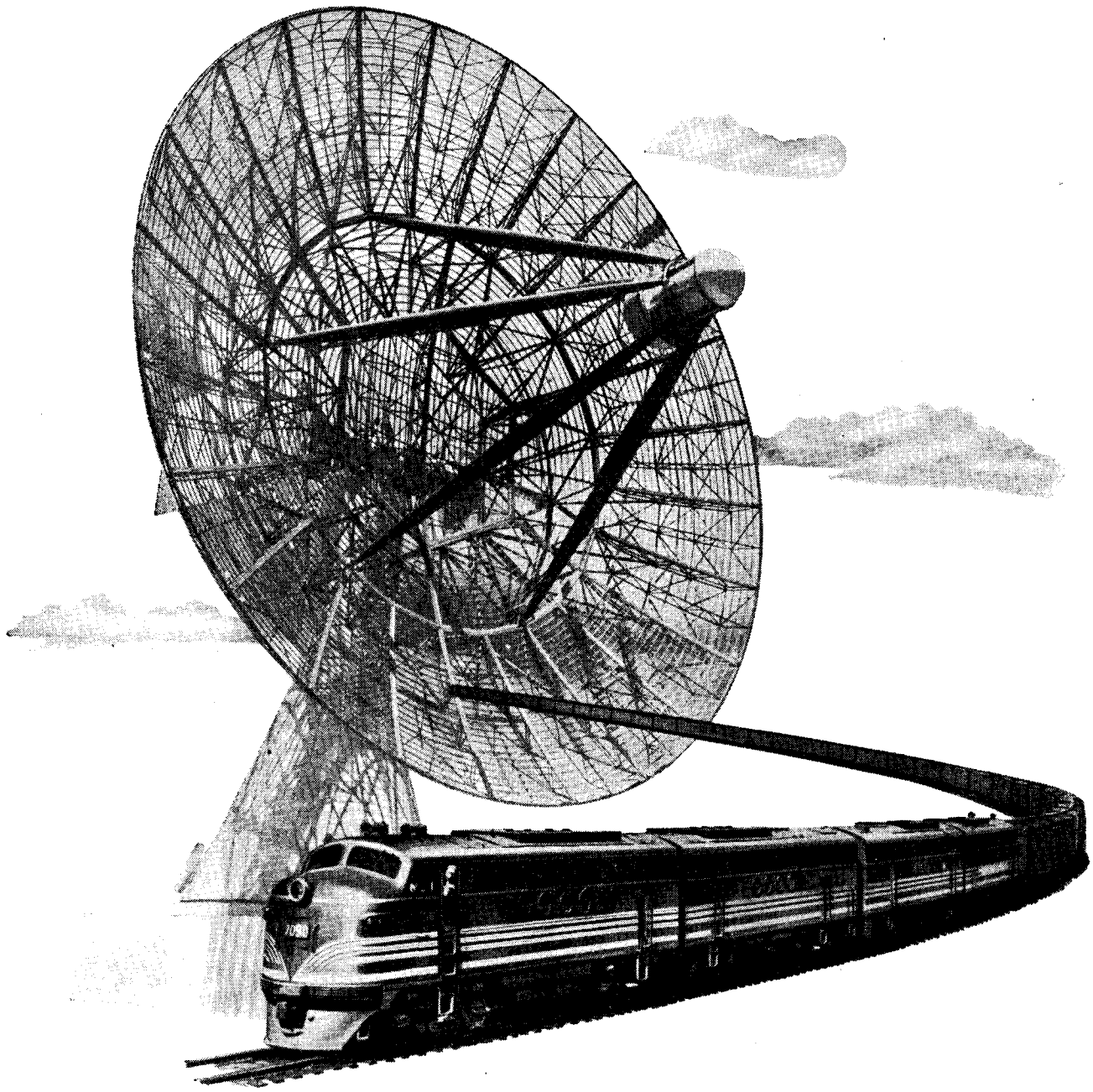

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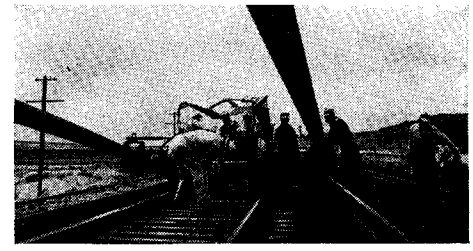

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Saturday Review
APRIL 4, 1959

THE GREAT AND SMALL IN ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Everyone loves a literary battle, regardless of the weapons used, and few battles have aroused the imagination of the country as much as a well-publicized brawl that occurred in August of 1937. The combatants were Max Eastman (at left) and Ernest Hemingway, and the referee, in a manner of speaking, was the late Maxwell Perkins, of Scribners. Any run-of-the-mill boxing writer would have called it a corking good scrap. There have been countless versions of the fight, and here is Mr. Eastman's side of it. This is an excerpt taken from a longer essay in his forthcoming book, "Great Companions," copyright © 1942, 1959 by Max Eastman, used by permission of the publisher, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.

By MAX EASTMAN

ERNEST HEMINGWAY will be surprised, I think, to find himself among the people I call great. Our acquaintance, though friendly and of long duration, was casual. But I was very fond of him, and moreover he gave me one of the great surprises of my life—two of them in fact: one when he turned out to be a magnificent writer, another when he hit me in the face with a book. There is not room in this excerpt for my account of our earlier friendship.

My present story begins with the publication of his "Death in the Afternoon" in 1932, a celebration of bullfights and the "religious ecstasy" of killing—of killing, moreover, as a protest against death. I happened in the same year to pay a visit to Spain, and took a try at watching a bullfight. Like other lovers of beautiful animals, I was angered by the spectacle. I was violently on the bull's side, sharing with specific passion his desire to run a horn through the dressed-up smart-alecks who were tormenting him. In general, I think tormenting less witty animals for his enjoyment, or to show himself off a hero, is one of man's poorest employments. Therefore when Ernest's treatise in sentimental praise of bullfighting arrived in my hands I was aroused to express my own conception, both of bullfighting and of Ernest as the book revealed him. I called my essay "Bull in the Afternoon," and it was published in the *New Republic* in June 1933.

My thought about Ernest was that, being extremely sensitive as an artist has to be, sensitive enough to have been, as he told me, "scared to death" under fire, his reaction had been to overcorrect this trait—to turn himself into a blustering roughneck crying for more killing and largely dedicated to demonstrating his ability to take any quantity of carnage in his powerful stride.

This was a fairly simple and almost obvious inference from the facts I knew, but I did not know then that Ernest had been almost blown to pieces, had 237 fragments of shell removed from his body, and spent weeks in a hospital in such a mental state that he could not sleep in the dark. He had never said a word to me about his wounds or about this harrowing experience. Indeed I learned of it only recently when reading Philip Young's critical study, "Ernest Hemingway."

IN THAT studious book, however, I found my intuitive inference carefully reinforced, and my thesis applied, not only to "Death In The Afternoon," but to all of Hemingway's books, to everything he wrote between "In Our Time" and "The Old Man and The Sea." "It is a flight from violence and evil which . . . Hemingway's life and Hemingway's work eternally rehearse."

Such surprising things resulted from my anticipation of this thesis,

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that I want to recall the gist of it in my own words.

"There are gorgeous pages in Ernest Hemingway's book about bullfights," it began, "—big humor and reckless straight talk of what things are, genuinely heavy ferocity against prattle of what they are not. Hemingway is a full-sized man hewing his way with flying strokes of the poet's broad axe which I greatly admire. Nevertheless, there is an unconscionable quantity of bull—to put it as decorously as possible—poured and plastered all over what he writes about bullfights. By bull I mean juvenile romantic gushing and sentimentalizing of simple facts."

That was my beginning, and I subsequently asked: "Why does our iron advocate of straight talk about what things are, our full-sized man, our ferocious realist, go blind and wrap himself in clouds of juvenile romanticism the moment he crosses the border of Spain on the way to a bullfight? It is of course a commonplace that Hemingway lacks the serene confidence that he *is* a full-sized man. Most of us too delicately organized babies who grow up to be artists suffer at times from that small inward doubt. But some circumstance seems to have laid upon Hemingway a continual sense of the obligation to put forth evidences of red-blooded masculinity. . . . This trait of his character has been strong enough to form the nucleus of a new flavor in English literature, and it has moreover begotten a veritable school of fiction writers—a literary style, you might say, of wearing false hair on the chest."

My conclusion, like my introduction, contained a hint of the reasons why, notwithstanding that monotonous twist in his nature, I hold Hemingway in such high esteem. Other poets, I observed, having gone through the "insensate butchery" of the First World War, had come out mourning the tragedy and horror of it. Their bitter words had been "the true aftermath in poetry of the Great War—not the priggish trivialities of the Cult of Unintelligibility, not the cheap moral of decorum (that shallow cult so admirably exterminated root and branch by Ernest Hemingway in a paragraph of this book), not the new Bohemianism of the synthetic gin period . . . but the confession in blood and tears of the horror unendurable to vividly living nerves of the combination of civilized life with barbaric slaughter."

"Will it be too much like a clinic if I point out that Ernest Hemingway is one of the most sensitive and vivid-living of these poets, one of the most passionately intolerant too, of priggery and parlor triviality and old maid's morals, and empty skulls hiding in unintelligibility? I am not strong for literary psychoanalysis, but I must record a guess that 'Death In The Afternoon' belongs also among those expressions of horror."

The meaning seems clear enough, and I cannot imagine, as I read the essay over, how anyone could have inferred that I was talking about anything but prowess, and the need felt by most sensitive children to demonstrate this manly quality.

IMAGINE my astonishment, then, when Bruce Bliven, Sr., the *New Republic*'s editor, called me up and asked whether I had intended to accuse Hemingway of sexual impotence! Archibald MacLeish, it appeared, had drawn this conclusion from my essay and had written a letter of outrage—full page, single space—demanding to defend his hero against this "great and irremediable injury." The crux of my crime—my "arch sentence" according to MacLeish's letter was this: "It is of course a commonplace that Hemingway lacks the serene confidence that he is a full-sized man." Since I had just reiterated my assertion that Hemingway is a full-sized man, I don't know how this could be construed—even supposing I had been talking about sex—as an imputation of impotence. (In republishing "Bull In The Afternoon" in a volume of essays, I changed the words *full-sized man,* in that "arch sentence," to *made out of iron,* hoping, at the expense of clear sequence, to avoid the least suspicion that I might be talking about sex.) But Archie managed to read it that way, and commented: "Of those more personal evidences of virility to which Mr. Eastman so daintily and indirectly refers I have no personal knowledge. I refer him however to the birth records of the cities of Paris and Kansas City where he can satisfy his curiosity in secret."

Bruce Bliven, who was as bewildered by the letter as I, begged me to say something to Archie that would head off his intention to defend Hemingway against a charge that had never been made. "That would really damage him," he said. So we each wrote a letter to MacLeish so contrived as to bring him back to his naturally cool judgment.

"I am both astonished and much distressed," Bruce wrote. "None of us in the office read into the Hemingway article the significance that you found in it. I have asked everyone I could about it, and I do not find anyone who interpreted it as you did. Among those I have consulted are Edmund Wilson, Robert Morse Lovett, Robert Cantwell, George Soule and Slater Brown."

My letter read:

> Dear Archibald MacLeish:
>
> I was shocked and astounded by your letter to Bruce Bliven. Nothing could be more remote from my mind or nature than to sprinkle innuendos or peddle scandal in my writings. I have a genuine affection as well as a vast literary admiration for Ernest. . . .
>
> You made me mad, but on reflection I realize that some particularly mean recent scandal-mongering must have put you in a mind to misread my article. I beg you to believe that I did not know there was such a rumor in the world.

To this MacLeish replied very courteously, accepting my assurance that I had not intended the injury, although adding: "Nothing I have read in print in my life has ever shocked and angered me as much as your article." By that time, however, he must have communicated his misconception to Ernest, for a letter now arrived from Havana addressed "To the Editors of the *New Republic*," and containing a couple of ironical jabs which those on the staff would understand:

> Sirs:
>
> Would it not be possible for you to have Mr. Max Eastman elaborate his nostalgic speculations on my sexual incapacity? Here they would be read (aloud) with much enjoyment (our amusements are simple) and I should be glad to furnish illustrations to brighten up Mr. Eastman's prose if you considered them advisable. Mr. Alexander Woollcott and the middle-aged Mr. Eastman having both published hopeful doubts as to my potency, is it too much to expect that we might hear soon from Mr. Stark Young?
>
> Yours, etc. . . .
>
> ERNEST HEMINGWAY.

After reading this, I wrote the following letter to Ernest, which he never answered:

> Dear Ernest:
>
> Your letter to the *New Republic* was all right, if you really thought I said or implied any such thing. But you might have remembered me better than that. I never heard the breath of a rumor that you were sexually or any other way impotent, although I have long been familiar with the news that I am—and gymnastic enough to be syphilitic at the same time. The idea strikes me as a joke. It is humanity's last tribute to those who do something.
>
> I suppose it is fresh to psycho-

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analyze a man by way of literary criticism, especially one whom you esteem as a friend, but I think there is plenty of cruelty in the world without your helping it along, and I am within my rights to say so with as much force as I can.

The next chapter of this narrative opens four years later, in August, 1937, when I was calling on Maxwell Perkins, editor and vice president of Charles Scribner's Sons. Max was a shy and sensitive soul, so shy that his lips would tremble sometimes when he talked. To offset this, and perhaps also in protest against the genteel traditions of his office, he liked to keep a well-worn felt hat on the back of his head while sitting at his desk. He was an astute and yet generously—even tenderly—sympathetic editor-publisher as many have testified. He had suggested that I make an anthology to be sold in conjunction with a new edition of my "Enjoyment of Poetry," a book which Scribners had brought out in 1913, the year he joined the firm, and which he had watched over with affection ever since.

He was sitting behind his desk facing the door, and I was on his right facing the same way. Our mood was mellow, and it was more than a surprise when a big, burly, and also very peppy, Ernest Hemingway strode in and greeted me with:

"Hello, you great big son-of-a-bitch!"

He smiled when he said that, or I chose to think he did, and I answered:

"Hello, Ernest! Big? Why you're twice as big as you used to be!" And I felt his arm to see if it was still hard, notwithstanding his increased bulk.

"What are you doing here? Where are you going?" I asked.

"Over to Spain," he said, "to see what your P.O.U.M. [a group of Spanish revolutionists who, disillusioned with Stalin's dictatorship, were inclined to do justice to Trotsky's position] is doing. Is that your outfit, the P.O.U.M.?"

"I haven't any outfit, Ernest," I said. "I merely try to tell the truth."

"Uh-huh," he said.

"You aren't really running with that Stalin gang, are you?" I asked, and he said very emphatically:

"NO!"

"I'm mighty glad to hear it," I said. "I was sorry I missed you last winter in Key West. I enjoyed meeting your wife and seeing your house and children."

He answered with pleasing sincerity: "Yes, I was very sorry too."

But then suddenly, as though he had forgotten an errand, he came closer and said: "I want to show you something."

He opened a button of his shirt and laid bare some rather coarse and surprisingly dark hair on his chest.

"Is that false hair?" he asked, and he brushed his fingers through it. Then he opened a button of my shirt —we were all three laughing, or at least I still thought we were—and I said: "I guess you've got me there!"

His laugh died and he said:

"Look here, what did you say I was sexually impotent for?"

"Ernest, you know damn well I didn't say that or anything like it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. We've been friends long enough for you to know I don't deal in dirty innuendoes."

"Yes, you did, and you played right into the hands of the gang that were saying it."

"I never heard it said. I never dreamed anybody ever said it. Didn't you get my letter?"

"Yes, and I thought that was nasty too. Moreover, you tried to kiss my wife in a taxicab in Paris."

"I never was in a taxicab with your wife, and never had an impulse to kiss her."

"Yes, you did, and you go around saying things behind my back. If I had your essay here, I'd show you what you said."

"Here it is," I said, picking up "Art and the Life of Action," my volume of essays, which happened to be lying on Perkins's desk. "Show me—show Max, and let him judge whether I said or insinuated that you are impotent."

He took the book and leafed the essay through.

"You've taken it out," he muttered. . . . Then: "Here it is. I'll show you."

"Show it to Max," I said.

"No, I won't, I'll show it to you," he said. "Listen to this," and he read aloud the passage beginning:

> But some circumstance seems to have laid upon Hemingway a continual sense of the obligation to put forth evidences of red-blooded masculinity.

and ending:

> This trait of his character has been strong enough to form the nucleus of a new flavor in English literature, and it has moreover begotten a veritable school of fiction-writers—a literary style, you might say, of wearing false hair on the chest."

—*Wide World.*

Hemingway meets the press in 1937 to give his side of the story concerning the fight.

"What does that mean," he said,—"some circumstance?"

"It means I haven't an idea what the circumstance is," I said. "That it does not mean sexual impotence is shown by what I say in my very first paragraph: 'Hemingway is a full-sized man whom I greatly admire.' "

"Never mind that," he said, "I'm talking about this right here."

He had been growing more and more truculent, and I was not entirely surprised when he burst out, "You know damn well what you meant," and pushed the open book

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Dreiser the Puzzle

By Granville Hicks

IN **"Letters of Theodore Dreiser"** (University of Pennsylvania Press, 3 vols., $18), edited by Robert H. Elias, there are more letters to H. L. Mencken than to any other one person. The earliest was written in 1907, and in it Dreiser, as editor of the *Delineator*, offers advice on some articles on baby care that Mencken was revising for a Baltimore doctor. The correspondence, begun in this curious fashion, soon became lively, and for the next eight or ten years, while Mencken was vigorously campaigning for Dreiser as a novelist, the letters were frequent. Thereafter the correspondence was more casual, but it continued almost as long as Dreiser lived.

The last letter to Mencken included in Mr. Elias's selection is dated March 27, 1943. Mencken had written Dreiser on March 19, asking, "What, precisely, are your ideas about the current crusade to save humanity?" In the First World War, he went on to say, he and Dreiser had agreed, and he wondered why Dreiser had changed. He noted with approval that Dreiser no longer seemed to be so closely associated with the Communists, adding, "I continue of the opinion, as always, that they are a gang of frauds."

Mencken's tone was flippant, as it almost invariably was, no matter how serious his intentions. Often in the past Dreiser had tried, in his elephantine way, to match his correspondent's flippancy, but now he was completely earnest. Not directly answering Mencken's question about the war, he said that he was interested in saving humanity if its lot could be improved, as he believed it could. "I know that you have no use for the common man," he wrote, "since he cannot distinguish himself. But I have." He went on: "You see, Mencken, unlike yourself, I am biased. I was born poor." For the American Communists, he explained, he had no great regard, but "as for the Communist System—as I saw it in Russia in 1927 and '28—I am for it—hide and hoof." After defending his views, with a characteristic lack of cogency, he abruptly changed his tone, to conclude with a warm expression of gratitude and affection.

What a puzzle Dreiser is! Much of the time in these letters he seems coarse, egotistical, and cantankerous, and the reader grows more and more exasperated; but then suddenly, as in this letter to Mencken, one feels a tortured intensity that one has to respect. Often, as here, he is wrongheaded in these moments of strong emotion, but one cannot doubt the depth of his compassion.

Mr. Elias has selected some 600 letters, apparently from a much larger number available to him, and has edited them with scrupulous care. Dreiser was not a great letter writer nor even, most of the time, a very good one, and no one will read these volumes for the pleasure of reading them, but they are interesting because Dreiser is interesting, and they tell us a great deal about certain aspects of his career.

As a writer he was incurably unprofessional. Every novel he wrote, at least after "Sister Carrie," was put in shape by other hands—the hands of editors, of the devoted women who surrounded him, of literary friends from Mencken to James T. Farrell. ("I am always behindhand with my work," he candidly wrote an inquirer in 1921, "and the scope and intricacies of the matter in hand have, at times, made it impossible for me to give due attention to all of the details of the book—a task which most often I have been compelled to leave to others.") He was a prodigious worker, and in a great creative outburst after he lost his job on the *Delineator* in 1910 he finished "Jennie Gerhardt" and wrote "The Genius," "The Financier," and "The Titan." On the other hand, "The Bulwark" and "The Stoic" were in the works for thirty years or so, and many projects that remained unfinished are mentioned in his correspondence.

The letters also contain an appalling record of Dreiser's difficulties with publishers. His troubles began, of course, with the efforts of Doubleday, Page, fully documented here, to persuade him to withdraw "Sister Carrie," and they continued virtually all his life. Again and again he turned hopefully to a new publisher, and again and again the relationship ended for him in bitterness—if not, as once, in violence. Most writers have their publishing problems, but Dreiser must have set a record for wearing out publishers.

Next to his own books, the subject Dreiser most frequently wrote about was politics. Politics, so far as the letters show, had little importance for him in his early years, but by the late Twenties his interest was acute. We know that his visit to Russia in 1927 made a strong impression upon him, but, unfortunately, there are few letters about it. As for the domestic scene, in 1928 he began working for the freedom of Tom Mooney, and soon after that he became active in a variety of causes, chiefly those supported by the Communist Party. In the middle Thirties he drew away from the Communists, and for a time tried to form an alliance of non-Communist radicals, but his loyalty to the Soviet Union remained strong. After the outbreak of World War II, that loyalty became fanatical, and so it remained until his death in 1945. In 1941 he sent an autographed copy of "America Is Worth Saving" to Joseph Stalin, and three years later he wrote Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, "It is my opinion, and that of many students of Communist Russia, that Stalin can be trusted. He is a great thinker and a great leader."

His fanaticism about Russia, his strange streak of mysticism, his gullibility in many matters, his oafish anti-Semitism, his ferocious and abiding hatred of England and the Catholic Church—all these were as much a part of the man as his sympathy for the underdog or his struggle to be honest with himself. The muddiness of his mind is often reflected in his writing, and the more serious he is, the worse his sentence structure is likely to be.

He was not, by and large, an attractive figure, and the letters present his unattractive qualities more relentlessly than the books that have been written about him have done. One notes, for instance, his dependence on other persons, particularly women, and his offhand acceptance of their services to him. One notes his arrogance and his greed. But at the same time one feels in the letters, as in the novels, that this was a man who was utterly faithful to his own vision of life.

As he wrote Mencken, he was born with a bias, a bias not so much in favor of the common man as a bias in favor of men and women as victims—of the economic system, of their own impulses, of life itself. This bias led him into ridiculous contradictions, but it also gave him insights that have made his novels, with all their many faults, a permanent part of our literature.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

In the Time of Tolstoy an Artistic Dynasty Was Born

THE POET: *An endeavor to have Boris Pasternak lecture in the U. S. and Britain has been abandoned because of the USSR's refusal to grant the Spanish novelist José Luis de Villallonga, chairman of the sponsoring international committee, permission to enter Russia and discuss plans with the writer. Fearing further efforts would be troublous to him, the committee has dissolved. Pasternak's latest book,* ***"I Remember: Sketch for an Autobiography,"*** *translated, with a preface and notes by David Magarshack (Pantheon. 192 pp. $3.75), reached Feltrinelli a year after the Italian publisher received the manuscript for "Dr. Zhivago." The new work, which contains an essay on translating Shakespeare (translated by Manya Harari), has already been published in France.* SR's *critic is the authority on Russia David J. Dallin, whose last book was "The Changing World of Soviet Russia."*

By DAVID J. DALLIN

FROM the pages of this remarkable little book there looks out at us the restless, searching, and excited face of a great personality of our time, a poet and novelist, artist and philosopher, who has not yet found—will he ever find?—the definite, soothing, and reassuring answers to his questions, nor even a final field for his talents. He was, he says, a "leftist"; now they call him a "reactionary." A talented composer, he drops music after six years of passionate devotion. A great admirer of painting and painters, himself the son of a prominent painter, he turns to poetry. He writes a book of poems entitled "A Twin in the Clouds," and then calls the title "silly" and is "sorry" that he wrote the book. About his own poetry there is an avalanche of self-criticism. "My ear was at the time perverted by the pretentious extravagances and the break from everything natural that were in vogue in those days. Everything spoken in a normal way rebounded from me."

As if personalized in this outstanding man, we recognize the Russia of the twentieth century—its eternal metamorphoses and quests and torments, its religiousness in paradoxical garb, and its agonized spiritual ramblings. The peculiar world of the top strata of Russian intellectuals on the eve of the revolution and after re-emerges before our eyes—its "schools" and "trends," its enthusiasms, passions, and disenchantments. The names of the author's friends read like a survey of Russian literature: Maxim Gorky, Leo Tolstoy, Vladimir Mayakovsky, Sergei Essenin, and many others.

An autobiography is not a novel, and style in an autobiography is generally not of the greatest importance, but here the style is extraordinary. I have never read a biography or an autobiography written in such beautiful, polished, and grandmaster style. It is a delight. Here is an excerpt from Pasternak's description of the visit to Leo Tolstoy's house right after the great writer's death:

—*From "Pasternak" (To be published May 4. McGraw-Hill).*

Young Boris sketched by his father, Leonid Pasternak.

In the room lay a mountain like Elbrus, and she was one of its large, detached crags; the room was filled by a storm cloud the size of half the sky, and she was one of its separate lightnings. And she did not realize that she had the privilege of a crag and of a sheet of lightning to be silent and to crush by the mysteriousness of her conduct; that she need not enter into arguments with those who were the most un-Tolstoyan in the world—the Tolstoyans; that she need not join in a pygmy battle with those people.

But he adds:

> It was not a mountain that lay in the corner of the room, but a little, wizened old man, one of the old men created by Tolstoy, one of those he had described and scattered over his pages by the dozen. Little Christmas trees stood all around the place. The setting sun cut across the room with four slanting shafts of light and formed a cross over the corner where the body was lying with the thick shadow of the window-bars and other little baby crosses with the traceries of the young Christmas trees.

Among Pasternak's early reminiscences is his impression of Alexander Scriabin's third symphony, the "Divine Poem," played by the great composer himself at a neighboring *dacha*:

> Lord, what music it was! The symphony was continually crumbling and tumbling like a city under artillery fire, and was all the time growing and

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being built up out of debris and wreckage. It was brimful of ideas minutely worked out to a point that was indistinguishable from frenzy, and at the same time as new as the forest, breathing life and freshness and, indeed, arrayed, surely, in the morning of the spring foliage of 1903 and not of 1803.

Thus the book is more than the simple autobiography of a writer; but it is also less than that. We do not learn much of Pasternak's personal life, his family, or his children; nor do we learn about his relations with the authorities.

It was a tragedy for a great writer not to be able to write over a period of many years; and it was hard on an autobiographer not to be able to mention this tragic experience except in vague hints in passing. From other sources we know that for some twelve years he lived in fear of execution. He wrote nothing, except "for the drawer" of his desk, although those

—*From "Pasternak" (McGraw-Hill).*

Boris Pasternak's student years recorded by his father—never soothing, assuring answers.

years were the period in an artist's life when the creative talent reaches its blossom. He cannot relate more than a few minor details of the last decades, for it is too early still to write about this era: "One would have to write about it in a way to make the heart stop beating and the hair stand on end. . . ." We are far, he says, from this stage.

These are the concluding words in his autobiography, but the autobiography has in no sense been concluded. Every week adds a few more verses to the story of the wounded caged eagle. His latest poem is a gloomy one:

I am like a beast in an enclosure,
Somewhere are people, freedom,
and light,
Behind me is the noise of pursuit
And there is no way out. . .

Their Coat of Arms Was Truth

THE PAINTER: *Boris Pasternak's background is glimpsed in the following excerpts from an article about Leonid Pasternak by the Hebrew poet Hayyim Nahman Bialik (1873-1934), who during the last decade of his life lived in Tel Aviv, working as publisher, editor, translator, and critic. A volume of Bialik's critical essays, translated by M. M. Shudofsky, will appear shortly.*

By H. N. BIALIK

HAMBURG, 1923.

LEONID PASTERNAK is a fine artist, a distinguished portraitist *sui generis,* skilful of hand and faithful of eye, who joys in his work. A master of color, possessed of a polished and perfected technique, he proceeds on his own way undeviatingly, always faithful to his own soul and constantly renewing his inspiration. And he is withal a delightful person of equable temperament, cultured and refined, industrious, diligent, and alert. Clear of spirit and light of movement, he is beloved and respected by colleagues and students alike. This is Pasternak, the man and the artist.

His background? What will that give us? What good, for example, will it do if we know what happened during his childhood in the 1860s, when Jews first began to taste Russian culture, and the enlightened ones among them were in headlong flight from Judaism? What will we learn from the fact that he was reared in the home of poor parents: his father was an innkeeper in Odessa, "the beauty of the South" on the shores of the Black Sea, the city of light and levity, and that there he attended the Russian gymnasium and—like most children of the "pioneers of the Haskalah" [the Jewish Enlightenment in Europe, characterized by interest in secular studies and by a revival of Hebrew]—he was ignorant of the Hebrew language and literature?

And how will it aid us to know further that the boy's soul was suddenly taken with painting, so that he used to steal out of the seventh grade in the gymnasium in order to attend surreptitiously the art school of his city? His parents objected strenuously, because to them painting was an absurd affair devoid of any "future." And how will it help our understanding if we learn, further, that he continued afterwards, in young manhood, to vacillate, so that without making a complete break with the university in Odessa, where he was studying law to appease his parents, he nonetheless after many difficult experiences succeeded in getting to the Munich Academy of Art? There for the first time the gates of perfect art were opened widely for him, and he learned to know the work of the greatest artists, such as Holbein, Rembrandt, and others. What will all these little particulars do for us?

It is enough to note that upon his return to his native land, after a period of much diligent application, he was already aware of his powers and equipped with considerable knowledge and a perfected technique. With the full splendor of his talent he began to devote himself zealously to creative work; in time he became one of the assiduous builders of Russian art. One after the other, his facile hand produced a whole series of lovely genre canvases, large and small, dealing realistically with the present, whose "subjects" are drawn from the actual life of the Russian people.

Perhaps it was no mere accident or the payment of a "tax" to his time that he chose motifs of life at once simple and intimate in their tranquillity and modest sadness, especially those of home and family and homesickness for one's native land. These subjects have wittingly or unwittingly always drawn the Jewish realistic artists. Externally, these paintings are completely "Gentile"; the "mode," *i.e.* the technique, the manner, is entirely European. ("Is there such a thing as a Jewish manner?" Pasternak and others like him could ask.) But in the "inwardness" of his work the artist, probably in spite of himself, has hidden a particle from the secret recesses of his Hebrew spirit—that which has come to him unawares as an inheritance from his forefathers. One need only observe Pasternak for one hour among the members of his family in the pure, patriarchal atmosphere of his tranquil home; one need only lis-

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ten to him talk about the Jewish mother—his mother—or to read the few lines on the Jewish mother in his notebook on Rembrandt, which are saturated with sacred trembling and the pure, exalted longing of the soul —it is enough to see and hear these in order to understand that mine is not a pointless surmise.

Even when they are attached as illustrations to a literary body, Pasternak's paintings remain independent creations which live and draw sustenance on their own, and their merit inheres in them. The painter has not enslaved the brush to the writer's pen, and he has not humbled one at the expense of the other. Both are equal partners in the work of creation; at times they even compete with one another. I need hardly say that never did Pasternak the illustrator descend to the level of mere commentator. The literary "body" served as a peg on which to hang his talent and to give expression to its essence. In this respect the painter's role *vis-à-vis* the body of literature was similar to that of the stage artist, the performer, *vis-à-vis* the literary body of the play. The painter, creating according to his spirit and his will and without relinquishing a scintilla of his freedom, stood in full height on the same plane as the literary artist. At times the painter even dimmed the brightness of the writer, so that it was not clear who takes precedence over whom and who supplements whom.

In this way Pasternak raised literary illustration in Russia to a height it had never attained before. The little masterpieces he created in this genre became exemplary, so that when there was a plan afoot to publish a selection of Tolstoy's works with illustrations (the novels "War and Peace" and "Resurrection" and the story "By What Should Men Live?"), everyone turned to Pasternak, even Tolstoy, who, as is well known, was very exacting in such matters. This was a difficult and frightening test but attractive withal. Confident of his ability, Pasternak did not recoil from it.

A great admirer of Tolstoy, Pasternak immersed himself in this task with love and enthusiasm. In his effort to achieve perfection, he would from time to time travel to Yasnaya Polyana, home of the venerable author, to take counsel with him and to seek advice on certain particulars of his work. From that time on he became a regular and most welcome guest in the home of the aged writer.

The results of this work, which Tolstoy saw afterwards, gave him much pleasure. Upon seeing a number of the pieces, he would sometimes shed tears of excitement. Often as the painter brought him one of his "successful" sketches, the old man would shout joyously to his daughter: "Come, dear, come and see! Come and see!"

WHEN these illustrations were published, first in Russia together with "Resurrection," serialized in the Journal *Neva*, which had a circulation of many thousands, and afterwards in Paris, London, and New York, Pasternak was the recipient of much praise, and his reputation was established. Connoisseurs awaited these illustrations with the same impatience that they awaited the instalments of the novel. This match was indeed "heaven-made." Two artists came together, one a giant of an author and the other an excellent painter, for the presentation of an epic work in two media; it was hard to decide who was the better, for both were so good. And so Pasternak passed the test.

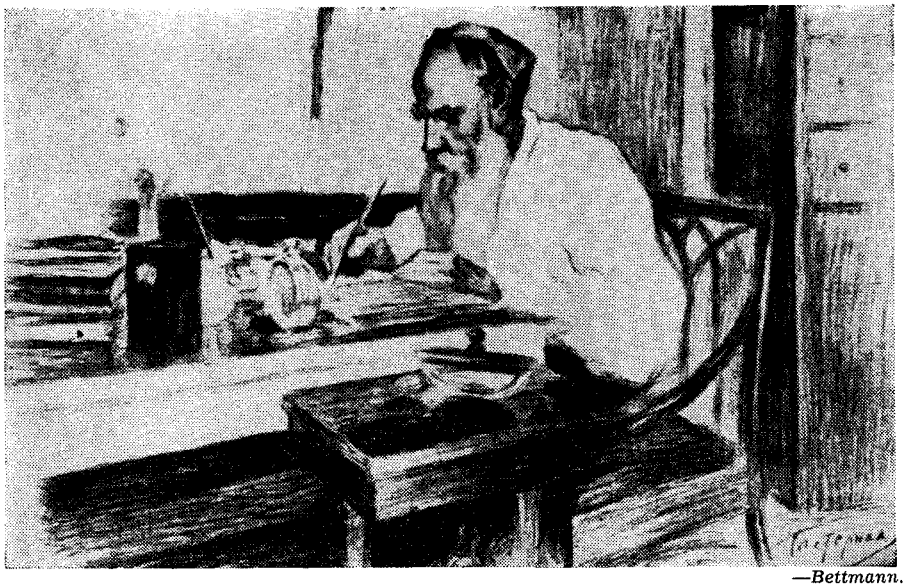
But Pasternak did not stop with the psychological literary illustration. In spite of his success in this genre, he did not give himself completely to it nor become its slave. In the last analysis the "literary quality" of his art was only a temporary and subsidiary element. Actually, he was always a pure and free artist, a complete slave of perfect beauty and a faithful fashioner of beautiful forms. For him perfection of form is paramount. Whether his brush attacked a landscape or a still life or the witcheries of chiaroscuro, it spoke only truth, the truth of a purified art: naturally, *his* truth as he glimpsed it with the artist's eye. In his pursuit of this truth he never turned to extremes; nor was he ever swept away by "a wave of the future." The road before him was straight, and he traveled it "with lonely confidence"; the more he traveled it, the more his powers grew.

There is a motif of which Pasternak has been fond all his life: namely, that of domestic happiness. Elaborating upon it in a variety of ways as a kind of material for his canvases, he constantly uses it with a love at once great and powerful. Here is a mother uncovering her breast to feed her child, and there is another holding her two children and reading to them from a book. And here is a group of tots playing in their room. Children with their old nurse, children bathing, children at their meal, children in all their charm and grace and in the joy of their pleasant mischievousness.

These paintings remind us somewhat of the charming domestic can-

—*From "I Remember."*

Pasternak's illustration for "Resurrection."



—*Bettmann.*

His study of Tolstoy at work . . . "See how good and beautiful it is!"

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vases of his great Dutch colleague, Josef Israels. Once more the same question: Was there not some hidden source, ensconced in the innermost recesses of the soul, which wittingly or unwittingly influenced them both? Is it not the hidden power of the "Jewish particle" which imparts a special flavor and savor to the scenes of domestic life depicted by both—that very particle which so endears the atmosphere of Pasternak's tranquil home when you are in his company among the members of his family?

THE considerable interest which the artist had in limning man and his inner world has made him devote a part of his great talent to the art of portraiture. Here, too, his individuality has found room in which to distinguish itself. The external photographic likeness to the subject does not satisfy him. He delves beneath the surface in order to uncover in the lines of the face the inwardness of a person, the quintessence of his individuality, his "living soul." A portrait by Leonid Pasternak is "a speaking human being," full of substance and thought. The distinguished portraits of the literary and artistic great of his generation, individuals and groups, are the work of Pasternak. Knowing that his brush does not lie, these giants willingly and even affectionately entrusted their portraits to him.

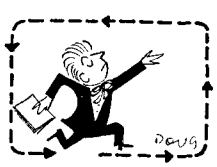
Tolstoy was very fond of him. The aged giant, who had a bit of the poser in him, always responded willingly to his painters. He liked to consider himself material for them; he enjoyed looking at his likeness. From the day he got to know Pasternak, the novelist gave himself completely to his brush. He sat for the painter patiently and willingly innumerable times and for hours at a sitting. And when the picture turned out "successful," he used to call joyously to the members of his family, as was his wont: "Come! Come! Come see how good and beautiful it is!"

The Pasternak portraits of Tolstoy are among the most famous and were disseminated in the tens of thousands among the people. And they are of many faces: Tolstoy among the members of his family, Tolstoy alone in his study, Tolstoy on his walk, Tolstoy in the company of writers and painters, etc., etc. In all of them we see the great man as he was, in all the grandeur of his simplicity. Especially impressive is the famous canvas "Tolstoy in His Workroom." He is painted as an unpretentious old man, a peasant, dressed modestly in a kind of linen tunic; he is sitting in a plain room devoid of ornament at a square wooden table and writing "books." All is essentially simple, but what greatness there is in this simplicity!

The old man looks like an aged Jewish scribe of holy objects secluding himself in the secrecy of his room in order to write the holy name of the Lord in abstinence and purity; or like one of the "hidden" righteous men who casts a spell on his pen so that it might reveal the secrets of the world. These pictures are all realistic. But there is an imaginative one which is an exception; it belongs in the category of "exalted" paintings, in which the artist meant to symbolize the aged Tolstoy in flight from this world. The old man appears in the guise of a prophet, a man of God, "awesome in splendor," with a tousled head and bared forehead, forging ahead toward the storm.

During his hours of sitting for the painter and during periods of intermission, the old man had many opportunities to talk with him—the talk of friends—on various matters, including art. Some of the ideas which later found their way into Tolstoy's "What Is Art?" were first orally suggested by Pasternak. On one occasion the writer told him by way of friendly reproof, "You are a complete pagan, an idol worshiper! You bow down and prostrate yourself before that which is empty and vain, before external beauty. I, the Gentile, am more of a Jew than you. In my opinion, art for art's sake is absurd." I do not know whether Pasternak ever published any reminiscences of these conversations; he told them to me several times.

After a number of years Pasternak's fruitful work in the building of Russian art brought him "official" recognition, so that in the 1880s he was appointed to the Moscow Institute of Pure Art. Such indulgence to a Jew by the government of those



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

OUR SINGLE-TRACK POETS

Poets sometimes fall into a rut, or a groove, and adopt a broken-record technique, as in the following examples. Please identify the poets and the quoted poems. Answers on page 45.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence, heaven itself no pleasure

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites.

I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

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times—during the heyday of the blackest reaction and in holy Moscow, the city which was completely subservient to despotic rulers (enemies of the Jews who like Sergei Alexandrovitz persecuted them with passionate brutality)—such indulgence, I say, was considered impossible and unimaginable. Of all the Jewish artists there was in Moscow only one other, Levitan, who was similarly honored.

I know that Pasternak is not one of the "great luminaries." But one thing is certain: it is the people of his kind and his level, men of talent and industry, men of culture and tradition, each in his field wherever he may be, who are the doers and the catalysts in every generation; they constitute the building blocks of every nation.

Top Commando of the Cuban Coup

"Fidel Castro: Rebel—Liberator or Dictator?," by Jules Dubois *(Bobbs-Merrill. 391 pp. $5), leaves unanswered the question posed in the subtitle of this biography of the new Latin American strong man, but it does throw light on a blistered situation. Reporter for CBS News, Blaine Littell covered the Cuban post-revolutionary period.*

By Blaine Littell

JULES DUBOIS has produced the first English language account of Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba. As the *Chicago Tribune's* Latin American correspondent, Mr. Dubois is perhaps the only reporter who could have undertaken this lightning task. He first met Castro in 1947 and has covered the Cuban political scene extensively ever since. After the revolution had been won and Batista had fled, North American correspondents had a difficult time trying to make sense of the electric, sleepless, and confusing days. However, of all the reporters about, Mr. Dubois was quickly identified and sought out as one of the few who really knew what was going on.

Thus, when Mr. Dubois set out to write this book he had his facts in hand. The book is full of them—names, dates, and faithful, unabridged translations of many of the letters, radio broadcasts, speeches, and manifestos that issued from the prolific pen of Fidel Castro. In the eyes of American reporters, Castro's marathon speeches and five-hour news conferences needed editing. And so, for that matter, does Mr. Dubois. He has assembled his facts chronologically but he has not weeded out the ones that lead nowhere (and recent Cuban history is full of these); nor has he stitched the important and meaningful events together in such a way as to make clear why it finally became possible for Castro, who started with nothing, to triumph over Batista, who started with everything.

Perhaps it is too soon for anyone to answer the questions posed in the book's title. But there are clues to Cuba's future course, and Castro's own words and actions, as transcribed by Mr. Dubois, provide many of them.

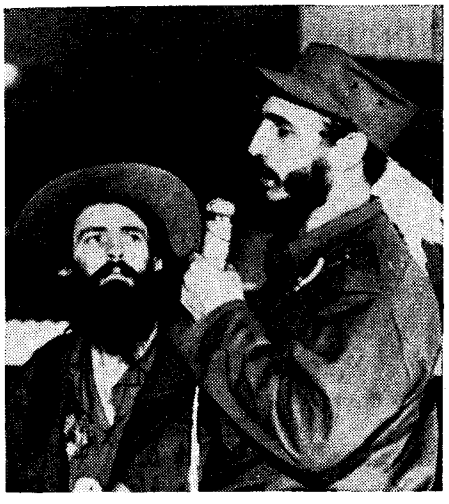
The pattern of Castro's revolution was set in its early days. After invading Cuba by sea in December, 1956, Castro and a small band of followers headed for the Sierra Maestra.

> When we arrived at the Sierra Maestra [Castro told the author], we executed a ranch foreman who had accused tenant farmers and peasants of being pro-rebel, and who had increased the holdings of his landlord from ten acres to 400 acres by taking the land of those he denounced. So we tried him and executed him and won the affection of the peasants.

This statement helps as much as any to illustrate Castro's capacity for sizing up a situation and taking direct, if harsh, action. It also demonstrates Castro's sense of public relations since to have shown leniency during a period of Batista-inspired terrorism would have been taken by the Cuban people as a sign of weakness. Castro, himself, seldom employed terror as a weapon. As a matter of fact, he was scrupulously fair in his treatment of those who, in his opinion, were fighting him honorably.

To most Americans, Castro was a distant, shadowy, and somewhat romantic figure until he won. Then, all too swiftly, he landed on the front pages as a fist-shaking anti-American calling for vengeance. If we concluded that he was a dangerous hot-head, it is Mr. Dubois's contention that we were judging Castro out of context. Castro and what he stands for were not conceived overnight but emerged slowly and logically. Mr. Dubois also makes clear that Castro's attitude toward the United States might have been entirely different if we had played another kind of diplomatic game in Cuba. But, instead, we gave Batista arms, which he used against the rebels, and our military missions trained his soldiers. Thus, both diplomatically and militarily, we were backing a dictator against a self-proclaimed democrat and this, quite naturally, angered and continues to anger Castro.

It is the author's conclusion that if Castro has failed to understand our behavior, it is not entirely his fault, and if we have failed to understand him, that, too, is not his fault.



Above: Fidel Castro addressing the nation from speaker's stand at Camp Columbia (now Liberty City) on night of his triumphal entry into Havana. An inspired Major Camilo Cienfuegos stands by. Right: A wistful-eyed Castro at age three in his home at Biran, Mayari, Province of Oriente.

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After the Altar, the Alternations

***"The Sensualists," by Ben Hecht** (Messner. 256 pp. $3.95), explores the various facets of modern love and lust. It is reviewed by the novelist Stanley Kauffmann, who is a critic of both contemporary fiction and films.*

By Stanley Kauffmann

THIS is Ben Hecht's first novel in more than twenty-five years, and the gentlest thing to say of it is that he is somewhat out of practice. Mr. Hecht has won a large reputation as a writer of short stories and screenplays, as a newspaperman, biographer, and autobiographer. He is the co-author of three fine theatre pieces, "The Front Page," "Twentieth Century," and "The Great Magoo." (Jean-Louis Barrault thinks the first is one of the best American plays; this reviewer thinks the last an unappreciated vulgar delight.) He comes to his latest work full of years and experience, but, alas, they are not evident in this book, which would be callow and clumsy from any hand and is staggeringly so from his.

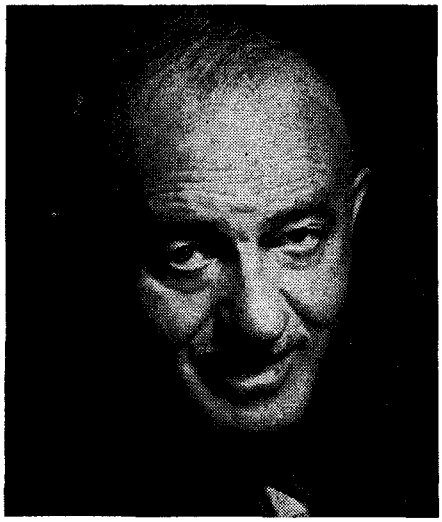
It would be incongruous to call his characters by name since they are virtually devoid of reality. The story deals with a Handsome Worldly Husband and a Beautiful Innocent Wife. He gets involved with a Night-Club Singer, who is desired by a Sadistic Detective. Husband is implicated in murder of Singer's estranged husband. Wife, shocked at revelation of his infidelity, nevertheless believes him guiltless of the crime and tries to help him. She meets Singer, who seduces her into a Lesbian experience. This completely deranges the Detective, who is also an impotent drug addict. More violence follows. Wife, sadder and wiser, eventually rejoins Husband.

The point of the story, presumably, is that because of the Husband's misdeeds the sheltered Wife is led to a broader and more tolerant humanity. It is a quite serviceable irony; but here, besides the incredibility of the characters, there is an ineptitude in construction and execution that would be discouraging in a beginner. Mr. Hecht's novel may be based on a true story, as he tells us, but it has not been transcribed into a truthful fiction.

Worst of all—worse even than the facile Freud with which the book is laced—are the epigrams scattered like aphoristic tinsel. "Marriage is depravity with a license." "A woman's lower lip is for kissing. The upper one for crying." "A wife who doesn't betray a husband at least once makes a happy marriage impossible." "News is always bad, that's why it's news." If these few samples strike you as penetrating or witty, you may like the book.

Mr. Hecht says on the jacket that he wrote "The Sensualists" as a "sort of seminar on modern eroticism," which is curious because, despite its subject matter, it has basically a rather old-fashioned, almost prudish air. In understanding of sexual emotions the book is juvenile compared with numerous modern novels, and on physical detail it shyly turns its back. In odd contrast two brutal murders are vividly detailed.

To write thus disparagingly of an author of Mr. Hecht's achievements can only be an occasion of regret. In the period between wars he and Charles MacArthur and Gene Fowler were chief members of a school of journalistic *littérateurs* noted for warm-hearted cynicism, amusing if self-conscious verbal pyrotechnics, and a respectable competence in storytelling. It was the chat of the newspaperman's saloon glorified on paper, and it had a certain beery eloquence. This novel, however, is the thin rinsings of a barrel that is—at the moment, anyway—empty.



—*Philippe Halsman.*

Ben Hecht—". . . lower lip for kissing."

—*Lotte Meitner-Graf.*

Elizabeth Taylor—"cool . . . prose."

Basics by the Thames

***"The Blush and Other Stories," by Elizabeth Taylor** (Viking. 217 pp. $3.50), reveals the subtleties and the solitude that lie beneath common experiences. William Peden, who discusses the collection, is a professor of English at the University of Missouri.*

By William Peden

THE short stories and novels of Elizabeth Taylor have always depicted the complexity and confusion which underlie the most apparently orderly human relationships. With admirable understanding Mrs. Taylor reveals the hearts and minds of her characters in a cool, disciplined prose, which is as good as any being written today on either side the Atlantic. "The Blush and Other Stories," her eighth or ninth book, is certainly one of her best.

Except for an unusual turn-of-the-century story about a tormented governess and her bizarre pupil—Mrs. Taylor's version, perhaps, of James's "The Turn of the Screw"—these stories of today's England are set in or near the Thames Valley. The setting, be it a noisy pub or a quiet private home on the river with dew-drenched gardens and flower-scented rooms, is an important element in all her work. Mrs. Taylor is at her best when she explores the drama inherent in such "undramatic" situations as that of a group of girls preparing for a dance, the summer adventures of two spinster sisters, a young woman's tongue-tied embarrassment at a very stuffy dinner. Even when she writes a story around so hackneyed a situation as that of the bride-

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groom who is lured to the bar rather than to the bed, Mrs. Taylor's artistry and understanding are combined to produce a thoroughly effective piece of fiction.

Basic man-woman relationships are the essence of most of these stories: the buried life of a middle-aged wife, the gnawing frustration of a young girl married to an older man, the final separation of two lovers. If such stories of aloneness and withdrawal are permeated with the crab-apple tang of desperate melancholy, Mrs. Taylor can also depict scenes of robust humor, as she does in "The True Primitive," in which a self-educated lock-keeper proves to be an immovable obstacle in the path of his son's courting. As robust as a Daumier drawing, the story explodes into rollicking laughter.

Quiet and unsensational, "The Blush" is an impressive and moving collection.

Year of Infamy

"St. Petersburg," by Andrey Biely; *translated by John Cournos (Grove. 310 pp. $4.75), is a comic novel about the world of high conspiracy and intrigue in Russia of 1905. Robert Payne, who has translated the poetry of Boris Pasternak, is the author of "The Terrorists," among many other books.*

By Robert Payne

IN HIS long poem "The Year 1905" Boris Pasternak contemplated with a kind of sad bitterness the desolation of Russia in a year of defeat, famine, and revolution. Over the czar hung the shadow of the terrorist Nechayev; over the workmen and the peasants hung the knout and the death warrant. But as he spoke of the hanging of students, the mutiny in the Black Sea, and the coming storm, Pasternak, while deeply moved by the plight of his country, was able to see that year very much as Yeats saw 1916. A terrible beauty was born, and it was the task of the poet to celebrate the beauty of those terrible days.

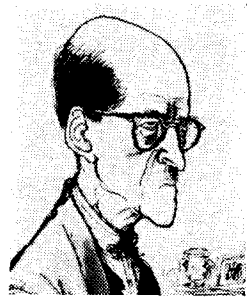
Andrey Biely saw it otherwise. He was a distinguished poet whose poems are filled with flashes of forked lightning; he had no patience with cultivated humanism. For him 1905 was a year of stark horror. His famous novel, "St. Petersburg," now at last translated into English, describes the events of that year with savagery and wild laughter directed as much against the incompetent ministers as against the bungling terrorists. Imagine a mixture of Rabelais and Dostoevski and you have something of the flavor of this wonderful, grotesque, sad, wicked, and fabulous book.

It is a poet's novel, and therefore there is no story, no plot, and very little characterization. It hardly matters, for the principal character in the book is a sardine tin. This most charming and unforgettable sardine tin is introduced into the house of Apollon Apollonovich Ableukov, the minister of state: a pudgy, pompous man who smells of eau de cologne, is terribly afraid of being assassinated as he goes through the streets in his carriage, and always upholds the virtues of thrift, benevolence, and authoritarian government. Ableukov is something of a caricature, but he is so superbly vigorous a caricature that he rings true. His son, Nikolai, is a halfhearted revolutionary wearing pince-nez, and it is through Nikolai that the sardine tin, which contains a time bomb, is introduced into the house. Nikolai does not know he has the bomb; he thinks it is a sardine tin.

Nothing at all happens in the novel except the wildest improvisation. The conspirators around Nikolai conspire. The minister administers. A revolutionary attempts to hang himself, but only succeeds in dislodging the hook from the ceiling and bruising the two fingers he had carefully inserted between his neck and the rope. The minister goes on odd little errands of mercy, protecting the virtue of the young women of the capital. Meanwhile, the sardine tin is ticking away, and in the end of course it does explode, doing very little harm: for the harm has already been done in the savage caricature of the minister, his effete sons, and the ludicrous conspirators. Biely keeps the ball in the air by swiping at it savagely and at the same time good-humoredly. It is the oddest of combinations, but in his hands it is a singularly successful one.

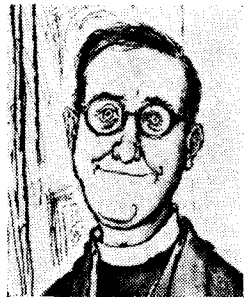
Here, then, at long last is one of the great comic novels of our time, inhabiting that strange and rarely explored area where farce and tragedy meet. Why it should have to wait for so many years to be translated (Biely wrote it in 1912) is something of a puzzle, but we should be grateful to John Cournos for making it available now. Biely is insanely difficult to translate, and Cournos has done his job well.

QUEEN'S MAN: **"Consort for Victoria"** (Doubleday, $3.95) is the third volume of a Vaughan Wilkins trilogy about the early years of Queen Vic-



An Income Tax Man.

A Rocking Boy.



Incumbent sans Piano.

A Lady of the Streets.

An Aging Actress.

A Literary Man.

"TIMES HAVE CHANGED, but hardship and dark corners still remain," writes Alex Atkinson in **"The Big City"** (Braziller, $3.95). Ronald Searle is the deft illustrator of this series from the pages of *Punch*, parodying Henry Mayhew's Victorian manual, "London's Labour and the London Poor." Among the witty words and adroit pictures is a serious glimpse into the heart of a rising class in metropolitan society, London's New Poor.

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Dreams Dreamed

By Kay Boyle

SPRING birds wing to the feeding tray
As Bowery bums wing to a bar. Their wings
Are slick as worn-out sleeves. They sing,
Both birds and bums, melodiously and grieviously.
Their feet are thin. Both species wing
To seed and drink with lidless eyes.

Could I but strew in with the sun-flower seeds
That wild beaks seek, the dreams
Contained within the egg-shell skulls of bums,
Would I not be both bird and bum, and seed and drink,
And grief and melody? Would I not see
With equal clarity the morning star,
And the glass left empty at the corner bar?

---

toria's reign. The two preceding books were "And So—Victoria" and "Seven Tempest."

Prince Albert came in for more than his share of skulduggery. To those who affectionately regard this amiable Prince Consort as merely a fortunate fellow who shared Victoria's throne and lived a gracious life, this horrendous story of the seditious enemies who plotted against him and his marriage is an adventure behind the scenes.

It is a romantic story and a well-written one. Mr. Wilkins has a rare talent for creating a live atmosphere. His descriptions of England in the early nineteenth century, its cities and towns, the streets and particularly the interiors of the houses, is convincing of his intensive research of the period. He seems to take great pleasure in describing the intricate and colorful costumes of the day.

The plot is intricate, too. Enemies of Victoria planned a daring scheme to prove, by falsifications of every nature, that Albert was an illegitimate member of the House of Saxe-Coburg and thereby to blackmail Victoria into relinquishing her throne to Ernest of Hanover. Albert appears only in the last chapter and Victoria in the epilogue, so the entire story deals with the characters involved in the infamous plot and with the loyal subjects who untimately discredit the ringleaders.

The heroes are most heroic and the villains get their comeuppance. The heroine, Fancy Eves, is a beautiful, enterprising, gay creature—a grandmother at the age of twenty-eight—and a spunky lady of virtue. The hero, Major Richard Houldway, takes far longer than the reader to realize his steadfast affections for Fancy.

Throughout the mysterious comings and goings, evil doings and heroisms, runs a thread of bright and sometimes lusty humor. The many incidental bits of information in the book I found almost more entertaining than the plot. Did you know, for instance, that rubbing a nutmeg between the fingers —and it must be a *female* nutmeg—is a sure-fire amulet against rheumatic ills? —MARGARET HURLEY.

RAT'S-EYE VIEW: In **"Cadwallader"** (Harper, $3), which the author, Russell Lynes, describes as "A Diversion," he has set up a more or less impartial observer to watch the carryings-on of urban and suburban people, and to try to reach some conclusion about their antics. It is an extremely difficult book to describe, beyond saying that it has moments of great charm and penetrating humor, and the fact that the observer happens to be a rat should in no way lessen its universal appeal.

Take, for instance, the way in which Cadwallader (the rat) records the proceedings at a country-club dance, to which he has gained access with the help of a bar-rat friend named Benny de Menthe:

> This was a ritual with glasses, tall and short, and it appeared to be a competition to see who could talk loudest soonest. It was obviously hard work, because they seemed very tired when they got through and sometimes had trouble walking. . . . It was a contest that made some people love each other very much and others hate each other, and now and then a man and a woman would stray off the porch to a bunker and wrestle. In such contests the men always seemed to be winning at first but the women were stronger in the long run.

Cadwallader's primary urge, however, is to be more than a mere observer; he wants to develop an Einstein-like formula that will sum up the whole problem of money, a commodity about which he has heard and which seems to be very important to people, but one which he has never been able to define with anything like the simplicity of Einstein's $E=mc^2$. To report that he finally succeeds in producing the irrefutable formula $M=C^2$ is in no way a giveaway of the plot, any more than it is to say that his intellectual struggles are a considerable headache to his wife Deborah and their nine children, who are named Pitcher, Catcher, First, Second, Third, Short, Left, Center, and Right. As I said, there is a great deal more to "Cadwallader" than can be told in any summary.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY.

DEATH-IN-LIFE: Some fifty miles from London in a once-rural valley lives a colony of lower-professional-class families, "stockbrokers and dentists, company directors and chartered accountants, directors of advertising agencies and manufacturers of plastic." Most of the men spend the week in London, often with mistresses. As depicted in Penelope Mortimer's novel, **"Cave of Ice"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), life is a ritual of ugly, empty display, and children are pawns in the prestige game, the third child conceived to show that you can afford it. All human relationships, all emotional development are "paralyzed by triviality."

Ruth, alone all week and lonelier at weekends, married Rex because she was pregnant. Rex is gross, cruel, and insensitive, and Ruth, now hopeless, is incapable of love, even to her children. But Angela, the eldest child, is pregnant by just such a young man as Rex once was, and Ruth must rouse herself from her torpor to arrange an abortion so that Angela, as unresponsive to the human claims of the unborn as to the living, may be spared. Ruth, with a supreme effort, makes what she believes will be the liberating act of love and tells Angela how she was born. But it is too late, or perhaps it would never have mattered. Angela, freed of her burden, frees herself from her home.

"Cave of Ice" is a sad, informative, competent novel. It is immensely illuminating on the attitude of the intelligent novelist to the life Mrs. Mortimer describes, a life that is, to the intelligent novelist, more hated than any other in England. To the intelligent novelist, this is the nightmare death-in-life, and to make it the setting for a serious novel is readily to chill our blood to the cold.

But hatred alone is sterile, and Mrs. Mortimer's hatred is never tempered with pity. Everyone in her book is horrible, insufficient, and incapable

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of love. For Ruth alone she means us to be sorry, but Ruth, as Mrs. Mortimer presents her, is so crushed and inert as to be nearly imbecile, and the pity she evokes is detached not sympathetic. It is a bizarre corrective to Mrs. Mortimer's clever, horrid picture to remember that just such a group as this provides the most common background to the domestic English detective story—where lives, if limited and tending, of course, to murder—are at least lively and generally friendly, loving, and cheerful.

—MARGHANITA LASKI.

ONE MAN'S HUMOR: Aubrey Menen's **"The Fig Tree"** (Scribners, $3.50) professes to be a meaningful parable about the irresponsibility of Science, which raises the Flesh over the Spirit and permits experiment without thought of consequences; yet it is quite plain that the author could hardly have cared less, either for his "message" or the "entertainment" in which he dresses it.

The result of this complacency is that, neither characters nor action being developed beyond joke-value, the parable is like a self-satisfied footnote to odd goings-on, quite unrelated. Added to this is stylistic archness ("Joe looked like the historian, Edward Gibbon, parboiled"), oversimplification, and a would-be English public schoolboy's attitude towards sex. ("We shall be seen," said Isabella. "Let us go to your bedroom." "Never," Joe said passionately, "that horrible place makes me think of nothing but sex.")

The novel concerns a renowned scientist who invents an acid that stimulates plant growth. An overdose of this acid turns some figs into powerful aphrodisiacs and, in the words of the publisher, "The scientist and a friend find themselves in undreamed-of situations." These situations are just about what you'd expect: the toppings of various females, a giggly awareness of satyrism, and genteel slapstick concerning the higher levels of church and state. One man's humor, we all know, is another man's boredom, but humor that neither bears a visible relation to truth nor comments upon, examines, castigates, or affects the real world at all is no humor at all, or vacuum-humor; it's what Pope would have called "witling's wit."

"The Fig Tree" displays the urbane intellectual's disbelief in everything and his inability to challenge any of his disbeliefs; it is so polite and suave that it passes through the mind leaving hardly a trace.

Mr. Menen's novel is a long retreat from his previous books; it is a fraud, perpetrated by the author against himself, his talent, and his own wit.

—KEITH BOTSFORD.

THE PAST

The Blues and Grays of Britain

***"The King's War: 1641-1647," by C. V. Wedgwood** (Macmillan. 703 pp. $7.50), is the second instalment of the author's series, "The Great Rebellion," a full, rich history of the English Civil War and the Commonwealth period, which Miss Wedgwood has been writing at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton. Harry T. Moore, of Southern Illinois University, a current Guggenheim Fellow now editing D. H. Lawrence's collected letters, writes frequently on the life and times of Oliver Cromwell, and is now preparing an introduction to a new edition of Sprigge's "Anglia Rediviva" (1647).*

By Harry T. Moore

THE SECOND volume of C. V. Wedgwood's history of England's Great Rebellion and its subsequent "republican experiment" deals with most of the famous battles before Preston and Drogheda and with the political, economic, and religious tangles of the age. The action of the story begins in January, 1642, when Charles I rashly descended on Parliament to arrest five troublesome members who were tipped off in time to disappear via the watergate. The narrative continues to January, 1647, when his Scots captors handed Charles over to the parliamentary army. Meanwhile, in a series of disasters that included the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby, the king had lost the Civil War, whose principal military stake was possession of London.

Our own Civil War is at the present more apt to magnetize the interest of American readers, but they cannot too often be told that those British conflicts of three centuries ago presented almost every problem we have today, and that an understanding of those deceptively far-aff events gives us a deeper understanding of ourselves. Miss Wedgwood doesn't fritter away valuable space with obvious parallels, but she is the best historian to read, now, on the epoch of Charles I and Cromwell. Admittedly, she is not so minutely thorough as the late-nineteenth-century historians who rediscovered that period: the wide-ranging Firth, with his excavation of so many of its documents, and Gardiner, the painstaking chronicler who was sometimes encyclopedic to the point of dullness. On the other hand, Miss Wedgwood in grace of writing doesn't equal Trevelyan in his briefer "England Under the Stuarts" (1904), but she does write with clarity and liveliness, in a manner that today's readers will find attractive.

Scholars will also value her books, for Miss Wedgwood has made extensive use of manuscript sources which, if they do not make us drastically revise our picture of the time, at least add new lights, as well as shadows and angles, to its baroque complications. Following up the expert analysis, in her first volume, of the events of 1637 to 1641, Miss Wedgwood in the present instalment again shows her ability to synthesize masses of material in the way in which she describes the confusions of England, Scotland, and Ireland at the moment the war was beginning. No one has done this more intelligibly or more dramatically, and Miss Wedgwood proceeds from this point to her spirited account of unrolling events.

In this book she wisely stars Charles rather than Cromwell, whose great fame lay yet ahead. At this time he was revealing his power as a soldier and was beginning to take command of Parliament itself, but even to Cromwell the central figure of those years was Charles. The author views him sympathetically, but she is not astigmatic to his faults of stubbornness and imprudence. Miss Wedgwood's true hero in this volume seems to be Charles's nephew and cavalry chief, the flaring Prince Rupert, whose dallying at the baggage train after his first successful charge at Naseby the historian carefully ignores in these pages.

Near the end of "The King's War" two men who will be important in

(*Continued on page* 46)

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The Debate Is Over

THE DEBATE on the danger of radioactive fallout has ended. Commissioner Willard F. Libby, of the Atomic Energy Commission, has now acknowledged a "real concern" over contamination resulting from the testing of nuclear explosives.

Two recent events may have contributed to this concern. The first is that Southern California experienced a radioactive fallout far higher than the danger line specified by the AEC. The second came a few weeks ago when the wheat fields of northern Minnesota were dusted by an over-the-safety-limit quantity of radioactive strontium.

The significance of Dr. Libby's present concern is related to the fact that he is the Government scientist chiefly responsible for having assured the President and the American people in the past that the risk involved in nuclear testing was too small to worry about. Along with Dr. Edward Teller, Dr. Libby was one of the most influential spokesmen in blocking any serious effort to arrive at a world-wide ban on nuclear testing *even if inspection and enforceable safeguards could be worked out.*

It was more than three years ago that the possible danger to human bone and tissue, as well as to food, was called to the public attention by independent scientists *outside* the AEC. At that time, Commissioner Libby contended that the problem was negligible. One year later, Dr. Albert Schweitzer issued his now famous "Declaration of Conscience," in which he said that the explosion of nuclear weapons represented a violation of the natural rights of man, threatening his health, his air, his water, and his food. Dr. Schweitzer called on all nations to renounce the explosions before the atomic armaments race got totally out of control, brooking the danger either of a world-destroying war or wholesale contamination of the atmosphere, or both. Dr. Libby's reply to Dr. Schweitzer no longer used the adjective "negligible." This time he acknowledged that a "small risk" was involved, but he said that the security of the free world depended on keeping ahead of the Soviet Union in the arms race.

In any event, Dr. Libby now asserts a "real concern." Those who opposed him can take no satisfaction in the fact that they were right. Nor does Dr. Libby's recent resignation from the AEC and the discontinuation of Dr. Teller's advisory position with the AEC correct the situation they were largely instrumental in bringing about. Even if not another bomb is exploded, the atmosphere will carry a burden of poisonous radioactivity for many years to come. There is no known way of washing the sky; no way to keep the strontium and the cesium from falling like rain; no way to keep it from getting into food and milk and thence into the bones of children where it will create radiation pockets in the bone marrow. But we can at least try to keep the situation from becoming immeasurably worse. The fact that danger exists is no warrant for multiplying it.

NO ONE can question the patriotism of men like Dr. Libby and Dr. Teller. No one can doubt that they honestly felt that our ultimate security depended on the acceptance of their policies. But they are guilty, we believe, of putting false facts before the American people in an attempt to get those policies accepted. First, they concealed any unfavorable information about the by-product effects of the explosions. Second, when outside information developed, they attempted to minimize the danger.

Didn't they know from the start that the danger was "real?" We find it difficult to believe that they did not. But we believe that they genuinely felt that the loss of thousands of lives was small alongside the millions of lives that they felt would be jeopardized if the Soviet Union should seize nuclear leadership in the world. The weakness in their argument is that the security of the United States depends on arms control rather than on arms supremacy. Therefore, the U.S. should seriously seek effective and enforceable ways of both stopping the tests and putting an end to the nuclear arms race. But this is not what Dr. Teller and Dr. Libby wanted —*even if a method of foolproof inspection could be achieved.* And they have been working behind the scenes to prevent any agreement at Geneva or anywhere else.

Why do they hold to this position? In private briefing sessions to the press, they express the view that the present large nuclear weapons practically ensure that the next war will be a suicidal one. Therefore, they want the testing to continue to enable them to develop non-suicidal atomic weapons. They don't say that they will donate these weapons to a potential enemy to make sure he will use them on us. Nor do they say why they insisted on developing the suicidal weapons in the first place. There is more than merely a collapse of logic here. There is a surrender to the whole fantasy of absolute power in a way that would have appalled the men at Philadelphia in 1787 and confirmed them in their view of the danger of ever allowing men, even good and honest men, to become more important than law in the operation of a society.

The essential problem before the American people today is not to devise punishments for madness but to put an end to it. It may or may not be too late to stop the nuclear-arms race. Concerning that, no one really knows. But it would be tragic to *assume* it is. At least we owe it to sanity to make the effort. But it will have to be a large effort. It will have to be large enough to enlist the support of most of the world's peoples. It cannot be a synthetic effort. The moral content must be clear and substantial. If we are capable of such an effort, there is a chance our nation and generation can serve history in the way it most needs to be served in our time. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ON THE COURT

I HAVE JUST READ "The Supreme Court as an Educator," (*SR* March 7), by Harris Wofford, Jr. I congratulate him for his forthrightness, and you, too, for giving it first place in *SR*, but, I do not accept the present judges of our Supreme Court as competent. Indeed, the Supreme Court should be "a great teacher," but it is not its function to make laws.

IRA C. TILTON.

Valparaiso, Ind.

WHO NEEDS A MURAL?

A GROUP IN ONE of the churches in our community several years ago commissioned a well-known artist to do a mural.

Max Bernd-Cohen, now of Englewood, Florida, had long dreamed of doing a mural of the "Sermon on the Mount." It is a moment great in Christendom and had never been attempted as a mural. For over a year he worked on this great painting and its accompanying side panels. One depicting the Good Samaritan, the other St. Christopher and the Christ Child. In order to make the work possible contributions were made by members of all faiths.

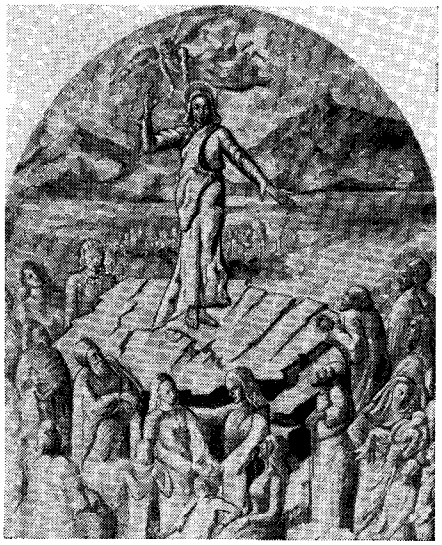
Here, we feel, is depicted an event which is truly the Keystone of Christianity. It is a bold painting, one which commands respect and challenges the viewer. The Christ is a strong Christ, commanding attention to the morals and precepts of his teaching.

Today, because there are changes contemplated in the church which do not allow room for it, we are seeking another home for the mural. Somewhere in the world we know there is a place for it; a place where it will attain the respect, admiration and reverence we feel is destined for it. Perhaps a new church somewhere, or an existing church that could accommodate a work of this size. The width, including side panels, is twenty-five feet and the height of the center panel is fifteen feet.

There are no strings attached—our group will make the masterpiece available to the proper church or gallery free of charge. The only cost would be that of transportation. We hope that some of *SR*'s readers will be interested.

JOE CHAPMAN.

Canyon City, Col.



Canyon City's mural—"there are no strings attached."

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You should have heard the denunciation I had prepared for Nero—if only I hadn't fainted."

SCALPEL TOO HIGH

DR GRISWOLD'S FINDINGS as to "American Education's Greatest Need" (*SR* March 14) merit high commendation—but his scalpel enters too high on the body academic to expose the true cancer that has been gnawing the traditional American spirit out of our educational system.

Something Dr. Griswold did not touch upon is wrong when a sixth-grader *proudly* brings home to mother a crude paste-up "daily shopping reminder" that barely parallels what we did as a second-grade project in '98.

Something is wrong when a tenth-grader receives a counselor's advice at mid-term to change over to "something easier," because she sought help with her algebra.

Something is wrong when an English professor at Georgia Tech tells me he must teach parsing and syntax to freshmen, and correct sophomore 500-word themes for grammar, not rhetoric.

Something is wrong when a County Superintendent of Schools, in reply to my query as to how a seventeen-year-old who cannot crack quadratic equations, correctly spell, nor crudely define average seven-letter words, gets a high-school diploma, tells me: the schools have neither room nor staff for repeaters to achieve passing grades; that the average youngster attends college with greater ease today than it was for he or I to attend high school; and that if all were encouraged to make passing grades, there would be none left to dig ditches!

GENE STAHL.

Los Angeles, Calif.

CLOSE TO HOME

MR. GRISWOLD'S ARTICLE, "American Education's Greatest Need" hit very close to home with me. As a sports writer concerned mainly with high-school athletics, I have seen just what he describes in my own area. I have seen citizens fight almost with bared fangs to prevent mergers of country schools in the fear that, with local scholastic sports gone, the names of their communities would be wiped from the map of recognition. I have seen football and basketball bureaucratically organized right down to the fourth-grade level so that, at least for the boys, grammar school in my town has become little more than a preparation ground for high-school athletics.

I am glad I read the article and glad to know there are people like Dr. Griswold who worry, as I do, about the disappearance of liberal education as a means of making one spiritually happier and more stable, instead of just as a way to keep ahead of this country or that.

IRWIN SPECTOR.

Warren, Ohio.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Plant Grows in Chicago

IN LORRAINE HANSBERRY's **"A Raisin in the Sun"** we have at last a play that deals with real people. The fact that they are colored people, with all the special problems of their race, seems less important than that they are people with exactly the same problems everyone else has. The five human beings and potted plant who make up the Younger family live in a crowded, rundown apartment on Chicago's South Side. We meet them at the start of the day when everyone is feeling salty about the prospect of getting up, taking turns at the bathroom, and facing the day's routine. Their interfamily joys and anxieties are universal ones.

Designer Ralph Alswang has created the dreariness of this apartment with a mixture of cut-glass, heavy woodwork, and furniture that shows the strain of trying to brighten a dark parlor. And under Lloyd Richards's sensitive direction, a fine cast plays each situation cleanly and uncompromisingly. The most admirable in this respect is Ruby Dee as the daughter-in-law. Miss Dee has a rubbed-raw quality combined with an inner beauty that comes to the surface when she lets it. She is the essence of any wife who has the thankless task of having to raise her voice and nag, of having to watch the budget while her husband, Walter, acts affluent, of having to talk him down to his face, and up to everyone else, and of trying to preserve a good relationship with someone who is depressed about himself. As Walter says, "I am thirty-five years old, been married eleven years, got a boy who sleeps in the living-room and all I've got to give him is stories about how rich white people live."

The rest of the family consists of their ten-year-old son Travis, Walter's twenty-year-old sister Beneatha, who jumps too easily at new ideas, fads, and causes, and his mother, Lena. Lena is godfearing, unpretentious, and would do anything for her children. She loves her daughter-in-law too, but like any mother cannot keep herself from meddling in such simple things as Travis getting the right food for breakfast. She can say in one breath that she is not meddling and in the next go right on interfering. Yet she is completely unselfish, and when she collects the money from her late husband's life insurance, she takes the instinctively right step of buying a new house for her family. She explains, "I just seen my family falling apart today . . . just falling to pieces in front of my eyes . . . We couldn't of gone on like we was today. We was going backwards 'stead of forwards."

Lena is played by Claudia McNeil, an actress of great strength, who can move you to tears when she recalls her dead husband: "the red showing in his eyes . . . the veins moving in his head . . . thin and old before he was forty . . . working and working and working like somebody's old horse." And she can shift into uproarious humor easily as she does with her low-voiced advice to her daughter-in-law to tell her white employers that she can't come to work today because she has the flu. "Flu sounds respectable to 'em. It's something white people get, too," she says, and then adds quickly, "Otherwise they think you been cut up or something when you tell 'em you're sick."

It is a tribute to these two actresses that Sidney Poitier, who plays Walter superbly, seems one of the family. At first he has a friendly flippancy, then a hot and desperate anger at the world, when we see him as the representative of this generation of Negro, not satisfied with or proud of his parents' hard won but small progress. He wants to jump miraculously into money and dignity, or to escape his life away in bars. And Mr. Poitier is so relaxed an actor that he can say, "Everybody ought to learn how to sit down and hate each other with good Christian fellowship" without it sounding like propaganda. But his finest moment comes when he tearfully and awkwardly talks to a white man who is trying to buy him off and prevent him from moving into a white neighborhood. "We are very proud and this is my son who makes the sixth generation of our family in this country and we have thought all about your offer and we have decided to move into our house because our father earned it for us."

The twenty-eight year-old authoress, whose first Broadway play this is, deliberately resists the heroic. At the moment when you'd expect the characters to work themselves up into a fight or a tirade, they melt into touchingly human, though cleanly unsentimental, acts. And it is on the basis of emotional impact and humor that this play must rest its case. Wisely, Miss Hansberry has avoided trying to solve all of the problems. The nearest she comes to a message is in a short speech by Mr. Asagai, a Nigerian revolutionist, who says, "I know that we cannot allow life to depend on accidents." And here we see a glimmer of condemnation of today's America in which life seems to abound with accidental successes and sudden acquisitions of wealth. In the past, the American Negro had less opportunity to fancy himself part of this illusion than he does now. Like the rest of us some will be destroyed by it. But "A Raisin in the Sun" would seem to suggest that when the bubble bursts the families with the most courageous pasts will be best equipped to pick up the pieces.

While "A Raisin in the Sun" contents itself with being less than a great play, it is a far better one than some this season, which do not. It is, I suspect, the best American play of the 1958-59 season.

WHILE **"First Impressions"** doesn't transfer Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" to the musical stage with high fidelity, it tells a lovely story with charm, humor, and taste. For charm, take the scene where the prejudiced Darcy falls silently in love with the proud Elizabeth, as she angrily sings the delicate "Love Will Find Out the Way." For humor, take Hermione Gingold, as she goes mad with robust delight at the thought of having a town house. And for taste, take Alvin Colt's unending parade of period costumes, Peter Larkin's unit set that can look elegant in a variety of ways through changes of a few drapes and pieces of furniture, and Jonathan Lucas's nice arrangement of the dances. And near the end, "First Impressions" almost achieves a first-rate musical comedy status with "Let's Fetch the Carriage," a duet between Elizabeth and her mother that reconciles the practical world of scheming mothers with the pretenses of middle-class morality.

The word "almost" is used reluctantly, but advisedly. For "First Impressions" never quite explodes the way it should. The music by Robert Goldman, Glenn Paxton, and George Weiss makes a good effort to serve the story, but the tunes are recognizably derivative of several composers and the lyrics are not catchy. Abe Burrows's book and direction are tailored to make the best of a motley cast, including Polly Bergen, who sings better than she acts, and Farley Granger, who acts better than he sings. It is to Mr. Burrows's credit that "First Impressions" still emerges as a most agreeable musical.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Attic Dwellers

GEORGE STEVENS has been kind enough to provide an intermission during the three-hour running time of **"The Diary of Anne Frank."** The respite is welcome because it provides some relief from the group claustrophobia that Mr. Stevens creates in his film reworking of the Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett drama. The people huddled in those cramped attic rooms in Amsterdam are Anne, her parents and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan and their son, Peter, and old Mr. Dussell, the dentist. That makes eight, and when *you* are watching it the total becomes nine. When someone on the screen moves in the close quarters, you feel like moving too, to make room. As near as I can figure it out, this happens because Mr. Stevens, who has both produced and directed this often magnificent movie, has kept his camera extraordinarily close to his actors. In fact, when he built his replica of the "secret annex"—where Anne wrote her world-famous diary—in the 20th Century-Fox studios, he allowed no room for the camera and sound equipment. He deliberately created problems for himself, and he has solved many of them brilliantly.

As we're probably all aware by now, George Stevens is our most renowned film director. Budgets are never a problem for him, and millions are cheerfully coughed up by the studios to allow him to work as he pleases, and to take all the time necessary. Stevens has used the time and money allotted him in order to exert infinite pains to bring out all that he wanted to bring out in his subject matter. And he has managed to obtain, more technically speaking, a maximum of fluidity in a minimum of space. When he wants to he places the audience right there in that attic with the Franks and the Van Daans.

Anne, at one point, has a dream of her girl friend who, she had learned earlier, has been sent to a concentration camp by the Germans. She sees the girl in the midst of a huddled mass of women, all wearing the drab, striped sacks of their status and imprisonment. It is a frightening, eloquent, even poetic scene—ended by her horrified scream of awakening into her own nightmare-like circumstances. The scene is related to the action neatly, because by her screaming she nearly gives the hiding place away. There is fist-to-mouth suspense at other times, as when a thief enters the building bent on opening a safe only a thin wall away from them. The camera shifts from the frightened people to the prowler, and to a cat doing its own prowling. The cat makes a slight noise, the prowler hears something. The cat chews on a crust of bread, and when it disturbs a dish the resulting sound is bedlam.

The assault Mr. Stevens makes on our nerve endings with his accomplished blending of sound, camera movement, and the eloquent acting of the principal players is all but unbearable. The approach of a German military vehicle is always heralded by a sirenlike horn; the repetitive sound grows louder the closer the truck approaches; and when it recedes we know that the attic dwellers are safe for awhile. When finally the sound reaches a crescendo and stops with ear-splitting silence we know that the end has come.

What is less satisfying is the aura of bigness with which the movie is surrounded. Anne's growing into the first stirrings of womanhood is told as though it is major drama, rather than the throes of puppy love. Perhaps it's that Millie Perkins, a much publicized discovery of Mr. Stevens, is not always up to his demands. There is too much lingering on her love episodes with Peter, and the hushed reverence with which their first kiss is treated detracts from the charm of the episode. So set is Mr. Stevens on gaining our emotional response that the emotion now and then escapes, as though submitted to too much pressure. Anne Frank does not need this much glorification; the true events were poignant and heart-rending; the Hackett's play conveyed fear, hope, humor, and humanness—and while this is there in the movie, too, one has the sense of a not always justifiable inflation of the material. However, Joseph Schildkraut performs estimably, as we might expect, and Ed Wynn gives another of his unexpectedly delightful performances. Millie Perkins, if not a totally accomplished actress, is pretty, childlike, and charming. Shelley Winters and Lou Jacobi are helpful in establishing the reality and humanness of the others in the attic. If there is a flaw it is that Mr. Stevens has made his Anne Frank a little larger than life.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Cornell MacNeil and Other Matters Metropolitan

THE long line of singers who have distinguished themselves in the range of "the American voice"—lyric baritone, verging on dramatic—was extended at least another decade into the future with the late season debut at the Metropolitan of Cornell MacNeil, who was the replacement for an ailing Robert Merrill as Rigoletto. This was no matter of pulling a vocal rabbit out of a managerial hat, for MacNeil was already under contract to appear next season; he has recently sung with success at La Scala; and he has taken part in some notable recordings after a City Center-Chicago Lyric-San Francisco background.

All of this was promising, but what counted was MacNeil's performance on the stage of what should be his home theatre for some time to come. He left no doubt of his right to be where he was, or of his strong claim to be considered in the line of such singers as Warren, Weede, Merrill, Tibbett, Thomas and Bonelli. The little that Rigoletto has to sing in Act I of this version showed that the size and substance of the sound heard from London's "Fanciulla del West" was no illusion, and also that his personal views of the dramatic action for Rigoletto were valid ones. Once into "Pari siamo" MacNeil used his big, free-floating tones with practiced ease, full command of the Italian text, and a sure sense of line. On the present evidence, one would describe the voice as healthily consistent through its range rather than glowing with color, but it is a robust sound with plenty of theatrical excitement (he met the going standard for Metropolitan Rigolettos by intruding the high, unwritten G into the end of "Pari siamo" and earned his first, if tainted, bravos in response). More vocal color, also a better command of the concerted portions with Laurel Hurley as Gilda, will doubtless come when he isn't contending against the no-rehearsal circumstances of this occasion.

All-American "Rigolettos" are not exactly a novelty at the Metropolitan, but this is the first in memory when all the principals were products of City Center. Included were not only the clean-voiced Gilda of Miss Hurley, but also the resilient, if rather taut, Duke sung by Barry Morrel (in place of the announced but absent Eugenio Fernandi), William Wildermann as Sparafucile, and Norman Scott as Monterone. But the boys (and girls) grow older, and these, at least, have utilized the common past to the purposes of an uncommon future. Fausto Cleva kept a firm hand on his impromptu company from the conductor's desk.

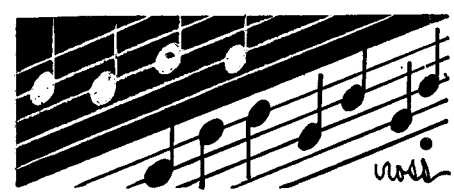
The Rudolf Bing Finishing School was, otherwise, concerned with end-of-term activities that doubtless served a sound intramural purpose, but did not add much to the total of scholarly effort tendered to its public during March. Among them were commencement exercises for the ballet, which had an evening to itself for the first time in years. Of itself this is a not unworthy point of focus, though it hardly was served by the participation of such visiting professors as Bambi Linn, Nora Kaye, et al. The evening amounted to a kind of review in Ballet I, with Early Balanchine represented by John Butler's "In the Beginning;" Late Massine by Herbert Ross's "The Exchange;" Pre-Revolutionary Russian by Alexandra Danilova's "Les Diamants;" and Classical Tudor by the master's own "Hail and Farewell." There was, understandably, a wide divergence of quality in these performances, for when Miss Linn, Bruce Marks and Sondra Lee were retelling the Adam and Eve story to Samuel Barber's first symphony, they performed Butler's able if imitative choreography very well, before an ensemble decidedly less adept; Nora Kaye was in top form for Ross's somewhat disjointed treatment of the Poulenc organ concerto; and Lupe Serrano shone brilliantly in Danilova's charming if post-Petipa treatment of de Beriot's "Scenes de Ballet." Raymond Gniewick was an uncommonly accomplished violinist.

But when the Metropolitan ensemble flitted about in these, or took stage center for Tudor's juxtaposing of early Strauss ("Festival March" and variations from the "Serenade" opus 7) and late ("Four Last Songs") Strauss, it was quite clear that there has been no miracle on Thirty-ninth Street, that discipline is uncertain, bodies unequally matched and the other requirements of first-rate ballet in abeyance. Tudor's treatment of the songs (with Eleanor Steber vocalizing, and Lupe Serrano, Edith Jerell, Audrey Keane and Nora Kaye miming the action) was much in the expressive manner of his "Dark Elegies" to Mahler. Now, please "Metamorphosen," Mr. Tudor? The whole procedure provided an evening's entertainment for the sizable audience, but it made no particular point, unless, perchance, the Metropolitan is looking forward to moving to Lincoln Center lock, stock, and ballet.

There were, otherwise, a number of casting changes to be viewed as rewards for meritorius service rather than in the best interests of the operas and composers involved. Among these were the appearances of Mignon Dunn as La Cieca and Rosalind Elias as Laura in a Milanov-Baum-Siepi-Merrill "Gioconda." The requirements of Cieca are a sturdy voice and a good sense of vocal line, both of which Miss Dunn provided. What her dramatic attributes in other parts might be were difficult to determine from this non-glamorous one. As Laura, Miss Elias showed the same creamy, flowing sound in the middle register that has won admiration for her in the past, but not enough of the top-side vigor and breadth to cap the kind of writing Ponchielli provided for this character. In addition, Miss Elias doesn't have the physical stature to make a commanding Laura, especially in view of her vocal disadvantages. On this occasion, Cleva's conservation of energy doubtless had good reasons of self-preservation, but it left more than a few slack lines and loose ends.

There was a variation of names rather than an alteration of the vocal theme in the next night's "Ballo in Maschera," in which Leonie Rysanek failed to make her scheduled appearance as Amelia. Among the masqueraders were Mary Curtis-Verna, a strident, inconsistent singer in Rysanek's place, Barry Morrel, who doesn't have the vocal heft for a proper Riccardo, and Mildred Allen, a rather scatter-shot Page as replacement for Dolores Wilson. Among these Regina Resnick stood out for the purposeful artistry of her Ulrica, though it is not grand of sound, and Mario Sereni for his competent Renato. The task of controlling these variable elements fell to George Schick, whose talents run to organization and supervision rather than inspiration. It would, however, take the talents of Svengali to merge these performers into an approximation of a Verdian ideal, and such are not available for conductor's wages at the Met.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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TV AND RADIO

It Tolls for TV

I do not know who at CBS gave the order to "Playhouse 90" to produce a two-part adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." The privileges of hindsight now argue that it was as rash, albeit as bold and praiseworthy as Comrade General Golz's order to Robert Jordan (Jason Robards, Jr.), the hero of the novel, to blow the bridge, which would make it possible for the Spanish Loyalists to take Segovia. In both cases the order was carried out. The show was produced, the bridge was blown—with equally frustrating consequences. To the outsider, both efforts—however much hope urged to the contrary—seemed doomed from the start. Too many things could go wrong—and did. Like the general, whose orders came from Madrid, CBS may have been impelled into the venture by the desperate circumstances of its own war with television's critics, amateur as well as professional. The compulsion that makes CBS (the only network still concerned, it seems, in the area of drama) bring us, as it did recently, a performance of "Hamlet" drives it to offer us a serious, severe work by a respected American novelist. TV's public detractors *must* be made to admit that the medium is capable of "artistic maturity."

To this end, a reported $500,000, months of preparation, and the talents of many of the best creative people in the business were laid on the line with a wonderful willingness of management to support the effort to the fullest. Certainly within the basic production decisions made, there was no stint. There was the most spectacular assortment of settings and special effects television has yet produced in a studio. The actors were cast with eye to their ability to give intelligent performances. The commercials were omnivorous and debilitating to the sustained mood of the play. But if one is to try and appraise TV drama within "the limitations" the managers of the medium insist should be recognized, one must simply steel his nerves to the interruptions and pretend that they don't matter. Lack of time was not an obstacle to the success of the two shows, as it was in the frenetically truncated "Hamlet," nor was the complexity of the novel an obstacle. True, whole chunks were left out, but A. E. Hotchner's adaptation might have captured the essential primitive vigor of the story, if the adapter had not been faced by the necessary censoring which television had to impose.

Hemingway, when he wrote "For Whom the Bell Tolls," was probably in his "gutsiest" period of death, violence, sex, obscenity, and politics. To the extent that you dilute these elements in the spectrum of Hemingway's view of life on the dark threshold of World War II—to that extent Hemingway escapes you. The power of the love passages in the novel comes not only from the hard-boiled tenderness of Jordan with Maria (Maria Schell), but from the urgent, breathless, onrushing prose where Hemingway consciously departs from his characteristic clipped style and ignores terseness for free-flowing, pounding rhythms. On the TV screen the maneuvers of the lovers in the celebrated sleeping bag and among the heather were embarrassingly awkward and unconvincing. The mixture of violence and politics in the book is very strong—far too strong for TV even to suggest in its deeper levels. And without a real dose of this Hemingway medicine, one may question if the people in this Spanish Civil War story are really recognizable at all. The tremendously powerful and horrible scene in which Pablo's Loyalist band executes Fascists in a captured town was entirely omitted from the TV play, even in retrospect, except for a hint in Pablo's sorrow over the men he had killed.

IN THIS, as well as in other passages in the novel, Hemingway makes the all-important balancing of the scales politically. The anti-church passions of the Loyalists, and the sheer joy in killing that the novelist attributes to the Spaniards were all omitted. The result was another good guy and bad guy relationship. The Loyalists were good and the Fascists were bad. It was not that simple to Hemingway. His hero, Jordan, believes in the Republic, but he knows he wouldn't be able to trust the Republicans entirely once they achieved power. This unsentimentality, this essential negativism on all counts is the essence of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." If Hemingway is to be convincing you must be uncompromising in his philosophy of despair in this book. The adaptation was caught between TV's essential, living-room, healthy-minded optimism in the realm of social ideas, and the novel's defeatism. A small but symbolic violation of Hemingway's tone is the TV treatment of the death of Anselmo, the old man of the guerrilla band, of whom Jordan is fond. In the adaptation Jordan kneels on the ground, takes Anselmo's body in his arms and cries out in sorrow and anger to Pilar, Pablo's wife (Maureen Stapleton). Hemingway puts it this way:

"Robert Jordan got to his feet, crossed the road, knelt by him and made sure that he was dead. He did not turn him over to see what the piece of steel had done. He was dead and that was all."

The adaptation's fade-out was Jordan, leg broken, left alone and doomed to die—heroically firing his submachine gun pointblank at the camera. As the Fascists approached the book finishes with a hush. "Jordan lay behind the tree, holding onto himself very carefully and delicately to keep his hands steady. He was waiting until the officer reached the sunlit place.

"HE COULD feel his heart beating against the pine needle floor of the forest." Hemingway's motto has always been "not too damned much." The final obstacles that the TV play just couldn't overcome were the locale and the battle action. Walter Scott Herndon, who designed the sets, provided the biggest wooden bridge in the history of live TV (it was steel in the book), and director John Frankenheimer seized every possibility open to him in his choice of shots on, over, and down among the undergirders of the bridge. But this observer could never escape the impression that he was still in a very big, imaginatively built, expensive closet. Sometimes in TV you can get away with studio pyrotechnics, as Kraft theatre did with "A Night to Remember," but in the mountains, blowing up bridges and crossing gorges, you yearn for film. The most successful episode in the two performances was the scene in which Maria narrates to Jordan, in intimate close-ups, how the Fascists shot her parents, shaved her head, and raped her. It was a sustained moving evocation of the imagination understated. It worked. The passionate engineers, who put together the TV version of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," must be saluted for their audacity and dedication. Fred Coe, who produced the play, stamped in its early-days TV with his original trademark of small worlds of ideas and emotions. He can do spectaculars equally well but not even Fred Coe can put Ernest Hemingway on TV with "Guts."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Jet Trails Around the World—7: Over the Line

SINGAPORE.

PERHAPS the most disappointing thing about Singapore is that, after all, it is not the city of mystery and intrigue, of Maugham-esque montages and slinking Eurasians, and a waterfront crawling with junks and sampans, or white freighters down from Shanghai with a questionable cargo of poppy dust and Peter Lorre.

It is, in reality, a city in which sleek stainless-steel skyscrapers are rising one after the other, replacing the gingerbread granite of a passing British age. One of the newest and sleekest is owned by those redoubtable entrepreneurs, the Chinese brothers, Run Run and Run Me Shaw, who own 100 movie houses in Singapore, Malaya, Sarawak, Borneo, Thailand, South Vietnam and Hong Kong.

Although these skyscrapers rise now and reflect their functional lines in the Singapore River, Chinese barges still ply the waters with eyes painted on the prow to avoid crashes. Back and forth they go since the day, in 1819, when Singapore was founded as a trading post of the East India Company, carrying gum damar and citronella, trocha shells, rattan and bundled sheets of rubber.

Sir Stamford Raffles who in 1819, signed the first treaty with the Malay sultans who owned Singapore Island, is no less well remembered in the city than Karl Marx in a Soviet square. There is a Raffles statue, to say the very least, as well as a Raffles Place, where Singapore does its shopping, a Raffles Institute, and of course, a Raffles Hotel, which has been living in the mood of Maugham for steaming decades.

The Raffles is an airy double-decker frame house that winds around clipped green lawns decorated with fan palms and bougainvillea. The redone rooms are huge with enclosed porches in front and new tiled baths in the back. The price tag on this kind of living comes to about $18 a day for the room and breakfast. The regular restaurant is cooled, after a fashion, by the traditional ceiling fans. The menu is table d'hôte, the courses are many, and the bill is small. However, one can also dine in the air-conditioned splendor of the Elizabethan Grill, where a lunch for two will come to $10 U.S. The Cathay, where I have not stayed, comes to me well recommended, as does Prince's; however, the smaller Orchard Hotel will give you bed and morning tea at anywhere from $6 to $15 a day, and coming soon is a flashy new seven-story International Hotel, which, presumably, will offer international visitors a hygienic, antiseptic international hotel life.

One morning we went to visit the Malayan village of Ayer Gumuro, where fishing boats put out for tuna and prawns and crabs, and the houses are raised on stilts, and the general store sells pickled lemons and dust mops of rooster feathers. Later, we drove across Johore Strait and into Johore Bahru, which lies in the new Malay Republic, but it proved to be a listless adventure. Of all the Malays, the Indians, the Pakistanis, the Ceylonese who deal in precious stones, the Sikhs who are night watchmen, the Chettiars, who are bankers, and the British, who are the administrators, it is the Chinese who form the bulk of the population and who are, in turn, the most interesting.

Although the tourist authorities are trying to steer travelers from it, there is the fascination of Singapore's Sago Lane where old Chinese come to die. The street sings with the clatter of carpenters hammering new coffins, and funereal bands practicing in some upstairs loft. Buddhist nuns hustle by, their shaved heads burned with nine dots. Hearses pull into the street, families gather in the mourning parlors, and in the upstairs windows looking down, surveying their final days, are the withering aged, waiting for the end.

Oranges and tangerines and sugar cane are piled in the street stalls in Chinatown, and order boys from the restaurants scamper about beating a stick on a teak-wood block to announce their presence. Woh Hup, the noodle man, sells "vermicelli and hygienic refreshments" at his establishment of some fame, and in the stalls that line the center of the broad boulevards in Chinatown, you can have a snack cooked in the style of Teochew, Canton or Hokkien. Chinese food is served in more elegant surroundings at the Peking, which even has a dance band for lunch, and dishes up Cantonese *tim san*, which are rice dough sacs filled with chopped meat, mushrooms and bamboo shoots; Malayan prawns served sweet and sour with bell peppers and bamboo shoots; and chicken Peking style, served dry, chopped up but with all parts complete including the head and the feet. The menu offers such other delectables as Stewed Frog and Fried Frog Fritters, Sliced Pig Kidney Soup, and Fish Head Cooked in Earthen Broiler.

Run Run and Run Me Shaw help light up the nights with two giant amusement parks and dance halls called the New World and the Great World, but there is also another, independently owned, called the Happy World, on Geylang Road. The days are lighted by another Chinese, the incredible Aw Poon Haw and his brother Aw Boon Par. The Aw brothers were the authors of a pasty panacea called Tiger Balm, which is a tonic for whatever ails you from high fever to mosquito bites. They owned English and Chinese newspapers in Malaya and Hong Kong, and their various philanthropies and eccentricities include two weird gardens, one at Hong Kong and the other at Singapore. Not a garden in the normal sense, it is a collection of strange and awesome statuary depicting ancient Chinese legend, mythology, or Awsome dream. Formed first with chicken wire, then poured with concrete, the figures are shaped and painted with brilliant colors. The result is a fantastic collection of grinning gorillas, nursing sows, a Chinese interpretation of The Deluge, and a monumental Purgatory in which every sinner gets his come-uppance.

A visit to Tiger Balm Gardens proved no less soothing than our encounters with the neighboring Indonesians, who, while we were in Singapore, arrived in a block of seven delegates to attend a meeting of the Pacific Area Travel Association, an organization in which they were already several thousand dollars in arrears on dues. Despite these technicalities they pressed hard for a seat of influence, and one night jounced out of a dinner party *en bloc* complaining that they had not been properly served. Strange to say, none of the other 500 guests had been served

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either. The move was no less confounding than are efforts to dissuade travelers from visiting Djakarta. After half-a-dozen fruitless attempts to get space on the two-hour flight across the Equator, Garuda finally broke a pair of seats for us, but warned us not to go since they were unable to find any space back. Strange to say there were twenty empty seats going over, and coming back, aboard Air India, there were more than forty empty seats.

Travelers who want to go onward to Bali are similarly rebuffed because the planes are busy ferrying troops back and forth. And a day after I had watched the Indonesian delegation swing its seven-man weight around Singapore, I was standing at the desk of the 161-room Hotel des Indes listening to the clerk tell me that he had no tourist rooms available for the next six weeks principally because only seven rooms are open to the public, the rest being occupied by the Army. It was an academic question anyway, since a friend had had the foresight to install us in a private home, an arrangement I would suggest to anybody bound for Indonesia.

We shuttled back and forth in *betjaks* and on bicycle rickshaws, between our air-conditioned room in the house of the head of a U.S. mission and the home of our friend, which was equipped with a two-foot-high cement baffle in front of the front door to keep out the flood waters in the monsoon season. There are 38,000 *betjaks* in Djakarta, some of them with names like Paris, and Sin-Sin, and even one named Morris, and at night they ride with lights and weave through the downtown traffic on nothing but nerve and a jangling bell. One can, of course, also take a street car, which is really a two- or three-car train, or a miniscule station wagon which, filled with six Indonesians, will weave through traffic making a noise like a barking Pekingese.

During the state visits, when heads of government come to confer with Sukarno and stay at the Istana Negara, the official palace, a temporary parking lot is built over the *kali*, the canal that runs up some of the principal streets of the capital. This procedure must work a certain hardship on the populace who, despite the central and unshielded location of the *kali*, consider it a handy and, for all I know, a logical place for performing all functions of the toilet. The laundrymen use the *kali* too, and as a Western resident was saying the other day, when you look closely you'll find them washing the clothes your wife sent out the day before.

Besides dignitaries, the Istana Negara also contains the paintings of the national collection, almost all of which reflect the personal taste of Sukarno, who, when in town, lives in an adjoining palace called the Istana Merdeka. However, the Bung, as he is familiarly known, also has a magnificent palace thirty-five miles away in Bogor, and another sixty miles away, at Tjipanas, which is his summer retreat. The palaces in Bogor and Djakarta were the homes of the Dutch governors who ruled the lands and its many islands for 300 years when Djakarta was known to the world as Batavia. The Japanese found many responsive voices when they invaded Indonesia at the outbreak of the last war selling their Asia-for-the-Asians theory, and there is hardly a Westerner still in Djakarta today who isn't resentful of the Dutch colonial methods during their three century tenure. In the view of these observers, had the Dutch done more to develop the country for its citizens and had it been less suppressive of Indonesians in matters of education and employment the Japanese might not have found so fertile a field for racial plantings. When the Japanese departed in 1945 Sukarno declared Indonesia independent, and four years later, after a bloody interlude, the Dutch finally surrendered sovereignty.

Bogor today is a pleasant relief from the jungle of Djakarta. Silver-trimmed horse carts jog through the streets and the landscapes give out to fields of rice paddies and surly clouds that roll down over the forehead of the surrounding hills like a headache. The centerpiece of the town is the great white palace surrounded by a great expanse of green lawn decorated with a herd of live deer. Here the Bung comes at times to work out his complicated problems —the revolution which still smolders on other islands; his deals with the Communist world; others with the Western world; and the effects of his rapid and final expulsion of all things Dutch. The Russians have extended Indonesia an alleged $100,000,000 in credit, which is earmarked for a variety of projects, one of which perhaps will be rebuilding the vital inter-island shipping fleet. The old Dutch fleet which now idles at anchor in Singapore harbor, was thrown out in 1957 as a show of anger against The Hague which still holds the west end of New Guinea, an area which Sukarno has coveted with the fervor of the Greeks towards Cyprus. The big Russian credits were in addition to an arms deal with the Red bloc which brought MIG jets and Ilyushin jet bombers to Indonesia. Many Western observers credit Soviet successes here with the innumerable delays with

(*Continued on page* 53)

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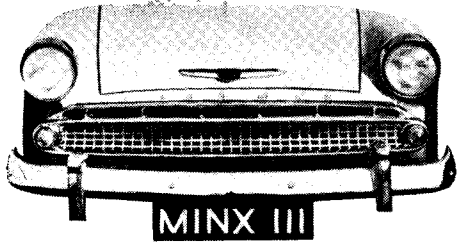
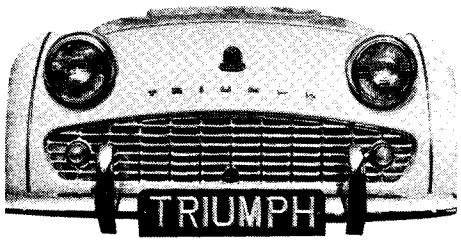


Hillman-Minx



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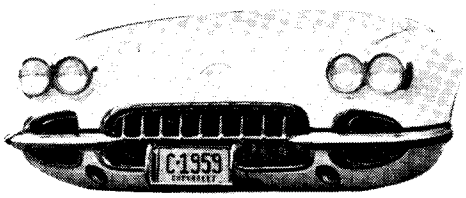
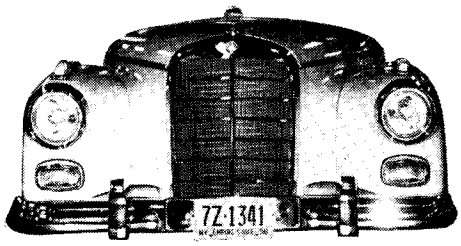
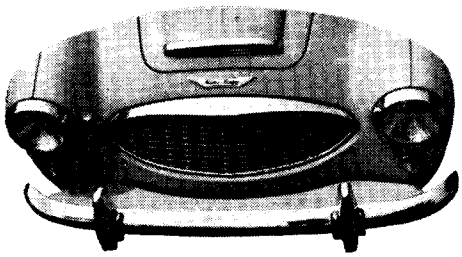


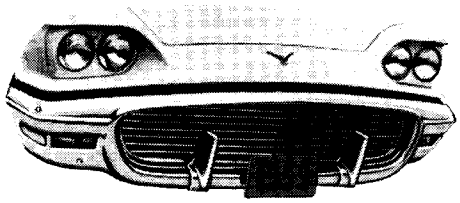
Corvette



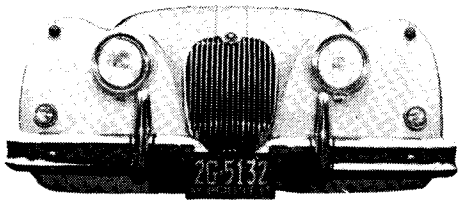
Mercedes-Benz



Austin-Healey

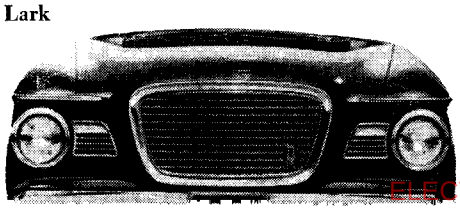


Thunderbird



Jaguar

Lark



THE COMPACT CAR

SR *Gets Behind the Wheel of the Little Cars to Measure Their Impact on the American Scene*

By KEN PURDY

AN EXHIBITION that its promoters are pleased to call the Third International Automobile Show will open at the New York Coliseum this week in an atmosphere of peculiar significance: many of the cars shown will be of the small European functional type, and 1959 is the Year of Decision for Detroit in the matter of the small car, which is also a matter of many millions of dollars.

The owner of even a clouded crystal ball might have foreseen, as long ago as 1949, that this would come to pass. The automobile was invented in Europe (by Siegfried Marcus, of Vienna, on the day Lee surrendered to Grant in 1865), and nearly every improvement upon it since has originated in Europe. About ten years after the first appearance here of each newly imported device—four wheel brakes, for an example— American makers have incorporated it into their product, and usually they have made it more cheaply, simpler and, occasionally, even longer lasting. When, following the post-war introduction of the European sports car, the functional, compact automobile began to come through our ports in quantity, it was logical to suppose that the cycle would again demonstrate itself.

Clearly, this eventuality was noted by few in Detroit, and those few who did note it were silent. This silence, the course of commercial wisdom, continues even today, when Ford, Chrysler and General Motors have committed hundreds of millions of dollars to the old pattern: modification to American taste and usage of a European device, in this case the compact car. (Just recently, however, Ford became the first of the "Big Three" to go on record with plans of a small, compact car for its 1960 models.) The official line has been, and is, that Detroit gives the American public what it wants, and that it wants a 350-horsepower, twenty-foot-long, chromed, finned, wheeled boudoir-living room; that the Americans will not choose to lower their automobilistic "standard of living"; that the compact car is somehow dangerous. We can expect the defense, in this form or another, to persist to the date of introduction, beginning this fall, of the domestic compact car, for the monsters in stock now, and to be built later, must be sold. But this is, after all, a matter of only academic interest.

Commercially, and thus irrevocably, the die was cast in 1958, when, for the first time in many a year, we imported more automobiles than we exported, and when the two early birds in the field—the Rambler and the Lark —showed sales gains of 160 and 180 per cent. Councils in Detroit concluded that the rear-guard action had served its purpose; the interlopers could not be licked and the time had come to join them. (The motor makers may have been stubborn in holding out so long, and cynical, but they had not been stupid, as their grateful stockholders are prepared to testify. Still, the wisest of these put "Big Three" profits into American Motors a year and more ago.)

This year we will import some 350,000 foreign automobiles, perhaps considerably more, and most of them will be small; to this total, beginning in a few months, will be added the limited, but still tremendous output of compact cars by U.S. builders. By 1962 the small automobile will have become a fixture on the scene. It deserves cursory examination. The automo-

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Photograph by Tom Hollyman

Pablo Casals dedicates his third San Juan Music Festival to Puerto Rico's "Operation Serenity"

SAN JUAN'S third Festival Casals begins on May 1st. Pablo Casals will play. And he will also conduct.

Music-lovers will rejoice at this news. But Don Pablo hopes that this year's Festival will have a significance beyond his own beloved world of music. He is dedicating the event to Puerto Rico's *Operation Serenity*.

The purpose of *Operation Serenity* has been clearly stated by the Governor of Puerto Rico himself.

"Serenity is the ultimate aim of our self-help program *Operation Bootstrap*," says Governor Muñoz. "We want every Puerto Rican to know that rising prosperity is not an end in itself. It is the servant of a *spiritual* purpose. You can see the signs already. After little more than ten years as a Commonwealth, a new creative upsurge is being felt in Puerto Rico. Our people are no longer despondent. They are proud."

Our photograph shows Pablo Casals taking his early morning stroll on a San Juan beach, where he goes to find his own serenity. Shortly before his eightieth birthday, this man of gentle manner and fierce principle was asked to give the world a message.

"My message is always the same," he said. "My wish is for happiness. And for people to have courage. And for people to manifest this courage in their love of liberty."

In the serene island of Puerto Rico, Pablo Casals is now watching his wishes come true.

FESTIVAL CASALS 1959 — IN SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

The Festival Casals opens on May 1 and will continue through May 22.

The Festival Orchestra will bring together sixty-two distinguished musicians in addition to the following principal performers: Pablo Casals, Julius Baker, Eli Carmen, Eileen Farrell, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Eugene Istomin, Mitchell Lurie, Jesús María Sanromá, Alexander Schneider, Rudolf Serkin, Isaac Stern, Walter Trampler — the Bach Aria Group, the Budapest String Quartet, and the Festival Chorus (under the direction of Augusto Rodriguez).

Programs will feature works by Vivaldi, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms.

For information and tickets, write Festival Casals Inc., 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19 — or Mayfair Travel Service, 119 West 57 St., New York 19. You can also book through your own local travel agent.

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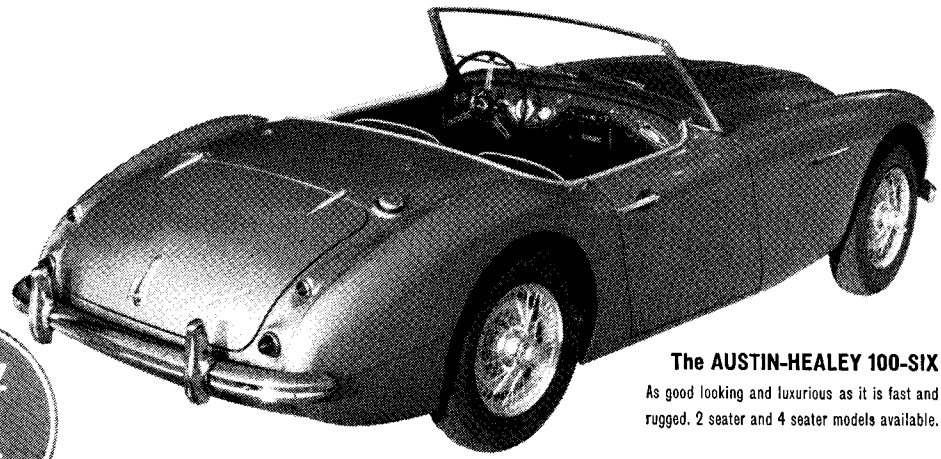

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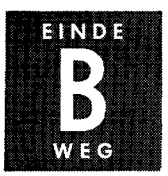

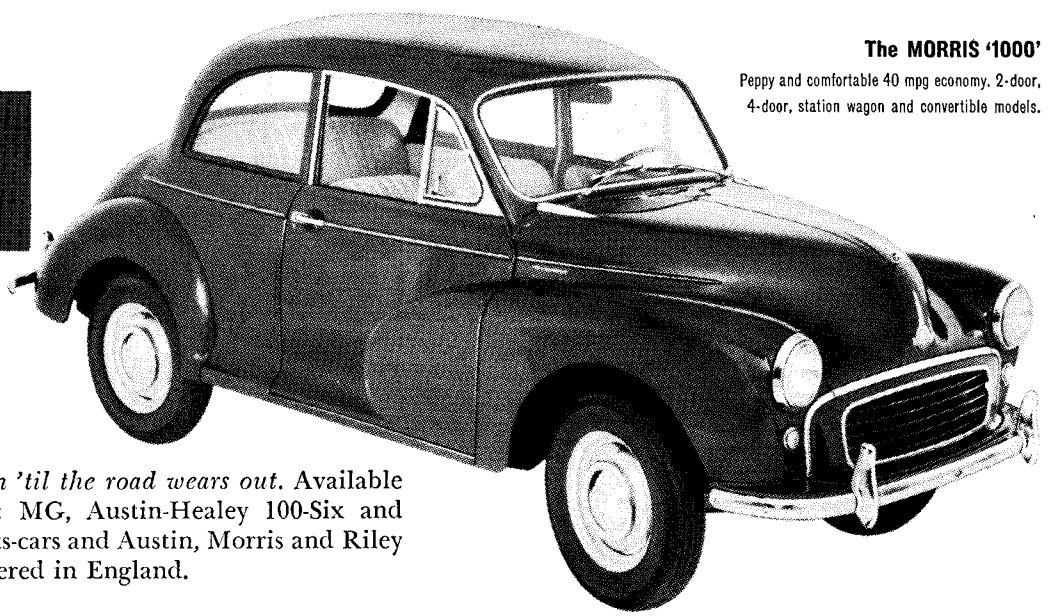

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A SPRING SAMPLER OF SMALL CARS

Left to right, Top Row: Citroen, Simca, Vauxhall; Center Row: Renault, Rambler, English Ford; Bottom Row: Morris, Porsche, Fiat—This year we will import some 350,000 foreign automobiles and most of them will be small; to this total, beginning in a few months, will be added the limited but still tremendous output of compact cars by U.S. builders. By 1962 the small automobile will have become a fixture on the American superhighway and country road.

bile began as a rich man's carriage, big and lush. The first truly useful compact car was probably the *Bebe* Peugeot of 1912, product of the fertile mind of the legendary Ettore Bugatti, who, with Ford and Royce and Porsche and Durant, was one of the giants of the industry. A freelance design made before he embarked on the creation of his own fabulous car, Bugatti's *Bebe* Peugeot was a miniature, but not a freak. It had a tiny four-cylinder engine, limited speed, and limited carrying capacity, but it was a complete automobile. It probably inspired the famous Austin 7 of England. Dr. Porsche's Volkswagen was a latecomer.

Predictions that the American people would never accept the compact car, which have been common in recent years, were based on more than prejudice and wishful thinking. The Austin 7 came here in the late 1930s as the Bantam, and the Crosley was offered post-war. They, and others like them, failed because they were much *too* small in every dimension. In any case, the Americans had not matured to the point of being able to reject the big automobile as an imperative status symbol. For that matter, it was necessary to make a status symbol of the compact car before it could achieve full acceptance.

Most people who bought sports cars early probably were impelled by the simple wish to own something different; when they came to know their cars well they found in them a persuasive sensuous appeal—the frequently drawn analogy between skiing and driving a fine sports car is valid. In both cases mere transportation over the ground is wholly incidental, and the pleasure derived from the aesthetics of precise control of power and speed is paramount. The really earnest sports-car driver knows that he is more skillful than most drivers he meets on the road. The dilettante sports-car driver enjoys making the impression, or, at least, demonstrating that his tastes are not to be satisfied by an ordinary automobile and that he has the means to satisfy them.

They will show at least minimally the influence of European designers, particularly the Italians, whose influence has been paramount since the war. British coachbuilders have reluctantly and with difficulty broken away from the boxy lines beloved of Queen Mary; the great French houses are sterile; and the Germans, with the possible exception of Reuter, still show bias toward weight and mass. The Italian *Carrozzerias* almost immediately after the war evolved a lovely flowing line that has since influenced all other body builders. There are at least five Italian houses that consistently turn out coachwork marked by individuality, freshness and an instantly recognizable litheness: Farina, Touring, Zagato, Ghia, and Bertone Farina, who is presently the first name in the field. Pinin Farina, head of the firm, has made important contributions on this side of the ocean as a consultant, notably to Nash, and Ghia is presently executing a sizable commission for Chrysler.

ACTUALLY the compact car could not have broken through as readily as it did had it come alone. The reconnaissance and the effective skirmishing were done by the sports car, which came first. The successful penetration of the

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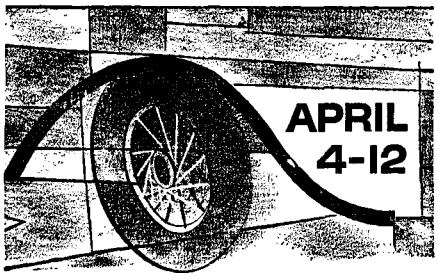

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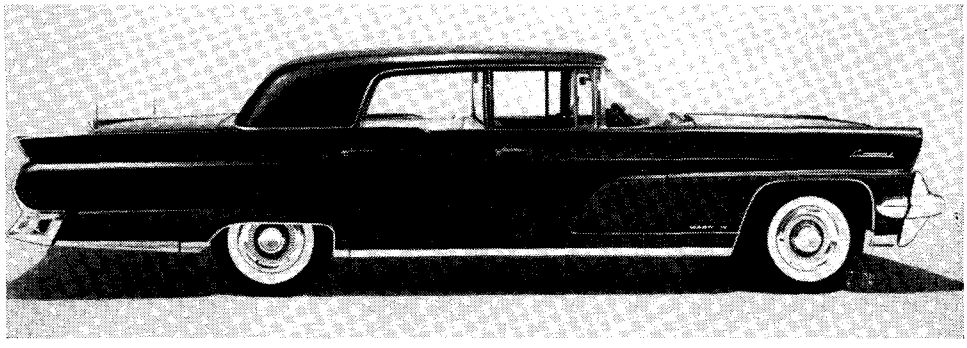
American market by the sports car was a demonstration of the falsity of a sacred Detroit tenet: the American public has always known what it wanted. True, the American public, or any other, will know what it wants, will make a reasonable choice, *given* alternatives. But the domestic car-buying public has not, for some years now, been given a free choice, because American automobiles have tended to resemble each other more and more, in appearance, performance, and mechanical characteristics. It is not so in Europe. The European buyer can choose among automobiles ranging in price from $1,000 to $25,000; he can have an engine of one, two, three, four, six, or twelve cylinders, air- or water-cooled; he can have the engine front or rear, and it may drive the front or the rear wheels, and so on. This diversity surprised U.S. military personnel stationed in Europe after the war. The European sports car came as a similar shock. I define a sports car as a two-seat automobile that can be comfortably driven on the road, offering reasonable protection from the elements, and which can be as well driven in competition under international regulations. We have not made such an automobile since before World War I, when it was possible to take a Mercer Raceabout directly from the show-room to the starting line at Indianapolis. To meet these standards, the sports car must have notable road-holding, which means it must be nimble in steering, stable under acceleration and braking forces, light in relation to its engine power, and sturdily built. Raised in the belief that the slow, softly sprung, under-braked American passenger car represented the world's best practice, the GI found sensuous enjoyment in driving a taut, nimble, responsive little sports car such as the "TB" MG Midget. After all, a sports car is just that; an instrument of sport, like a pair of skis.

Before World War II, sports-car racing in America was dominated by a handful of Ivy League *cognoscenti*, and perhaps 30 Bugattis, Alfa-Romeos, MGs and the like might be imported in a big year. Returning GIs shipped that many in a week. The trickle became a good-sized stream. Clubs were organized. The biggest of them, the Sports Car Club of America, is now nearing 10,000 members. Magazines emulating the European motoring press sprang up: *Road & Track, Motor Trend, Sports Car Illustrated.* The sports car became a valuable status symbol. It was different, rare, aesthetically correct, and even a fifty-four-horsepower MG would run away and hide from a big Buick, the wallowing gait of which along a curving road was ludicrous and a thing of wonder to behold.

Sports cars were expensive, and in the early days difficult to come by. (Some owners, distressed by the interest of the commoner, would not divulge a dealer's address!) They were impractical for a family even of three. The European small car, nudging its way through the breech opened by the sports cars, eager to fill the void caused by the post-war shortage of Detroit cars, found a solid welcome among would-be sports-car owners, whose bankrolls did not equate with their enthusiasm. That was the beginning, and the end is not yet.



Continental Mark IV—Detroit's $64,000,000 question seems to be, do Americans want a 350-horsepower, twenty-foot long, chromed, finned, wheeled, boudoir-living room . . .

Acceptance of the compact car is dependent upon re-education of the purchaser. American automobile advertising, since Ned Jordan showed the way with his famous "Somewhere West of Laramie" copy, has concentrated upon intangibles. Vance Packard, in "The Status-Seekers," quotes E. B. White on the point: "From reading auto ads you would think that the primary function of the motorcar in America was to carry its owner first into a higher social stratum, then into an exquisite delirium of high adventure." Buick copy-writers do it best, but advertising men indentured to the other makes are expert, too. Corollary

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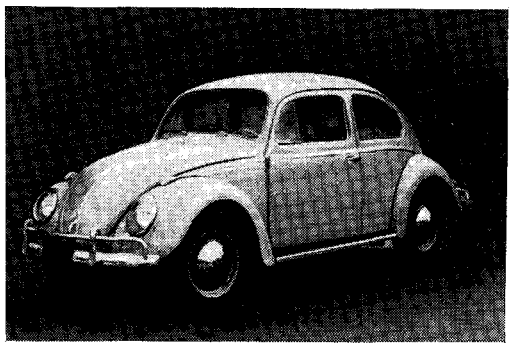
to this basic message, we have been cunningly led to believe that only the *big* automobile can be *safe*, and that only the heavy automobile can hold the road. These dicta are not true, but we cling to them as to Holy Writ. One is no more secure in a big automobile than in a small one, other things being equal. Some European compact cars use a heavier gauge of body metal than some American big cars, but this is not significant. An accident so severe that it is characterized by penetration of an automobile by part of another, or by another object, would probably be non-survivable anyway. Most of the 40,000-odd people who die annually in American motor accidents die because sudden stopping or sudden change of direction throws them into the unyielding inner surface of their own cars, or out into the roadway. A man riding unbelted in a military tank will be killed if the tank hits another head-on, though the tank's skin be six inches of armor plate. I have driven very many makes of small cars, and in my view they are safer than big cars, if only because they are nimbler. The weight of a car has no bearing upon its ability to hold the road. Weight *distribution* matters, correct suspension and steering geometry matter. The British racing Cooper can be picked up by two men, but it



Volkswagen . . . or will they lower their automobilistic standard of living for compact driving?

sticks to the road like a strip of paint.

Once such fundamentals are understood, the appeal of the compact car in gasoline and tire economy, in ease of handling and parking emerge as factors of considerable seductive power. The compact car is sensible. The sensible appeals to a mature individual. Last year much money destined for automobiles was spent on such comparatively inconspicuous status symbols as hi-fi equipment and recordings. The Cadillac, for a decade the final seal of success, is tarnished, and a designer of Carl Sundberg's stature can say, "It has degenerated into a symbol of vulgar ostentation. Its appearance is ridiculous. We fail

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Q. IS A COMPLETE LINE OF SIMCA CARS AVAILABLE?
A. The most complete of all: 5-passenger, 4-door sedans; 6-passenger sedans; sports machinery; and a wonderful station wagon, too.

Q. HOW MUCH DOES A 4-DOOR SIMCA COST?
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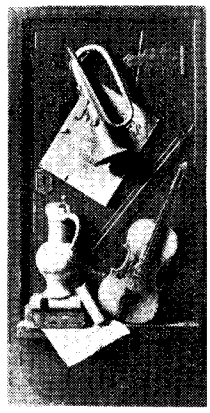

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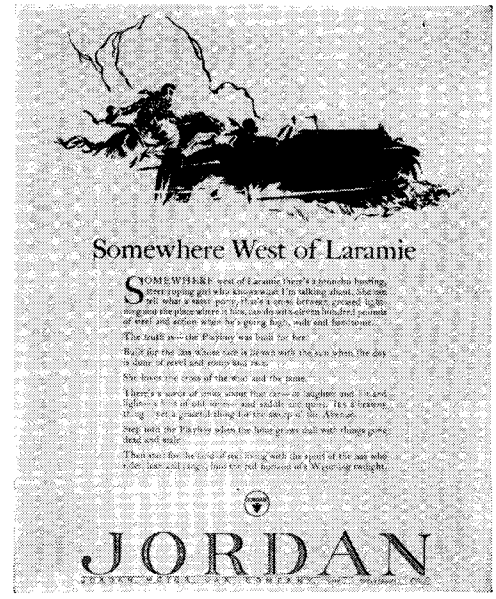
to see how anybody of taste could buy this year's model." Many who buy compact cars may buy them under the mantle of reverse snobbism, secure in the knowledge that wealthy men own them, but they know too that they are intelligently functional, and, many of them, aesthetically pleasing.

The number of compact cars in production makes a list too long for inclusion here, probably more than 100 models if it were to include such esoterica as the Japanese *Datsun*, the Czechoslovakian *Tatra*, Australian *Holden*, Polish *Warszawa*, Chinese *Chingkansan*, Russian *Moskvich*, and so on. (Incidentally, Russian automobiles that have come under examination by American mechanics have shown expert design and construction.)

WHAT to buy among small cars? A useful guide citing specifications and prices would occupy most of this issue. I can, however, cite my own favorites. The Volkswagen is ugly, well-built, happily mated to American usage in that it asks for little maintenance. The Renault *Dauphine*, crowding the VW hard in sales, is well-conceived, sturdy and, in my view, quite good looking. The FIAT 600 costs less than either of them, is typically Italian mechanically, which is to say very good. In the Abarth conversions it assumes genuine high-performance characteristics. The Morris *Minor*, from the drawing-board of a racing-car designer, is superbly road-worthy, a pleasure to drive. The new Hillman *Rapier*, planned to accommodate American tastes, is a fine compact car of normal characteristics, not "foreign" or "strange" in any fashion. This is true, too, of the British Fords, the GM Opel and Vauxhall, and Chrysler's Simca, made in France. These cars, with the Rambler and the Lark, presage the coming domestic products.

The Peugeot, successor to the world's first small car, is fast and economical and has the advantage of comparative rarity. It will not soon become common. That is true as well of the Lancia *Appia*, comparatively expensive for a compact car, but heir to one of the industry's greatest names. For decades the Lancia has been favored by connoisseurs because of its fabulous road-holding; many Grand Prix drivers have owned the bigger Lancias. The Porsche, frankly expensive at around $4,000, is considered by many experts to be the best small car in the world. The beautifully made Rover is commonly and properly called the junior Rolls-Royce. The small Mercedes-Benz cars are costly but designed to run for a very long time indeed, built to the highest mechanical standards. Two Diesel-powered models are available and New York City taxi-drivers presently running them think they're incomparable for economy and sturdiness.

Little that is not speculative is presently known of the coming American product in the field. There is some reason to believe that the Chevrolet will have an aluminum flat-six engine mounted in the rear, after Volkswagen and Renault practice. It, and the other Detroit designs, will be to the Rambler and Lark scale, say around a 108-inch wheelbase as against the common European 96 inches or thereabouts. Will they be



Pioneer of intangible advertising, Ned Jordan colorfully opened his above famous "Laramie" ad: "Somewhere west of Laramie there's a broncho-busting, steer-roping girl who knows what I'm talking about. She can tell what a sassy pony, that's a cross between greased lightning and the place where it hits, can do with eleven hundred pounds of steel and action when he's going high, wide and handsome."

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good cars? Beyond doubt. It is fashionable to decry Detroit designers, but few who do consider that unlike many of their European contemporaries, they work under the most rigid commercial control it is possible to establish. Detroit engineers are dedicated, soundly schooled artisans, many of them greatly talented. They can make, and superbly well, anything they are allowed to make, even racing cars, given enough time.

IN THE early years of this decade, American producers, spurred by poor performance of their cars, compared on an inch-for-inch engine-size basis, began to pay more attention to speed, road-holding and braking power. Stock-car racing showed serious flaws. One popular make, in particular, became notorious for the frequency with which its wheels broke off. These deficiencies were made right and interest in racing mounted. The Chevrolet people actually set up a European-style racing department, headed by a European designer, Zora Arkus-Duntov, and a European-trained American driver, John Fitch. They ran a team of Corvettes in the Twelve-Hour Race at Sebring, Florida, and while the cars were badly beaten by the Europeans, they did show great promise. Unfortunately, by this time the "horsepower race" was beginning to attract the attention of politicians who saw in it a splendid vote-getting issue. State legislatures began to talk about bills limiting horsepower. To stop this maneuver, the industry suddenly decided that the producers would no longer race, support racing or discuss in any fashion the horsepower or speed or accelerative capacities of its automobiles. The mandate went into effect overnight and remains in effect to this day.

Although little or nothing can be said about it in advertisements, it is possible to buy an American passenger car cited at nearly 400 horsepower today. The engine may deliver as much as 300 horsepower to the rear wheels. Such cars will continue to be offered.

The U.S. "standard-sized" car will be with us for a long time, although there is no doubt that 1959 will prove to have been the high-water mark of the really big car. Designers are busily cutting back the superfluous overhang that adds so much length to our cars, and in the next few years they will become calmer, more chaste in appearance. But long or short, big or little, chromed or plain, they will still be offered as "new" every year or so, for planned obsolescence is the heart of the foundation on which Detroit has grown great.

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Most Dangerous Sport in the World

The revival of interest in automobiles during the years since the war has been accompanied by publication of many books on motoring, several of which are noted below.

"THE RACING DRIVER," *by Denis Jenkinson* (*Bentley.* 207 *pp.* $5). Denis Jenkinson is a former world champion motorcycle sidecar rider. A Grand Prix sidecar rider inhabits, during his working hours, a breadboardlike arrangement attached to a hideously fast motorcycle, and his function is to act as intelligently animated ballast. No firmer endorsement of a man's courage is known. Jenkinson is a persistent student of the arcane forces bearing on fast-moving vehicles, and perhaps the foremost of those journalists who devote themselves exclusively to automobile racing. His book is the most nearly original work to appear in the field during the past ten years. It is an examination of the physique and the personality structure of the Grand Prix driver (a species that never has more than twenty living examples at any one time) and of the behavior of the racing automobile under extreme stress.

The combination of temperament and knowledge Jenkinson brings to his task is unique. Most passengers, roaring through an S-bend at 130 miles an hour, are concerned only with their past sins. Jenkinson sits quietly, anxious to note when the car's attitude changes from understeer to oversteer, curious about tire slip-angles, eager to mark the moment when sudden lack of torque on the steering-wheel rim will denote to the driver that the front wheels have broken traction. He has ridden some 20,000 miles with the best drivers at racing speeds: 100 to 175 miles an hour. He rode with Stirling Moss when Moss won the 1955 *Mille Miglia,* reading the road from a seventeen-foot roll of paper, signaling Moss that the blind hump ahead *did* run straight, and could be taken at 170 miles an hour, or that the square of the next village could be taken flat out in third gear, say 125 miles an hour, and this for 1,000 miles of open highway at the incredible *average,* probably never to be bettered, of ninety-six miles an hour!

A remarkable man, a remarkable book. To read it is to understand that the Grand Prix driver relates to the competent twenty-year-accident-free operator as Brillat-Savarin to a short-order cook.

"OMNIBUS OF SPEED," *edited by Charles Beaumont and William F. Nolan* (*Putnam.* 480 *pp.* $5.95). This is a massive compilation of the best that has been written about automobile racing in the last decade or so. It is divided into four sections: "The World of Motor Sport," "The Men," "The Machines," "The Arenas." There are articles bearing on the history of the automobile, on great races past and present, notable personality studies, knowledgeable dissections of famous cars, several short stories (one of them probably the best treatment of the subject in the English language), and much else.

"THE RACE," *by Robert Verlin and Angelo Angelopolous* (*Bobbs-Merrill,* 71 *pp.* $10). The Indianapolis 500-Mile is America's traditional "big" race, running back as it does to an inauguration in 1911. Because the competing cars are almost identical save in color, and because the course is a squared oval necessarily producing a merry-go-round effect, it is not an easy race to follow or to photograph, and "The Race" is a picture-and-text treatment. Bob Verlin's pictures are superior, peers of any that have been made at Indianapolis, but the text by Angelo Angelopolous suffers from overdramatization, a curse common to almost all treatments of Indianapolis ever attempted, regardless of the medium. Though much lower in key, "The Race" recalls some of Hollywood's purple-patched essays. Remember Mickey Rooney grimacing desperately through the spokes of the steering-wheel?

"THE DEVIL BEHIND THEM," *by John Bentley* (*Prentice-Hall.* 249 *pp.* $3.49). Many writers, indeed most who undertake serial biographies of highly placed practitioners of a sport, are tempted to equate their subjects' private lives with their heroic deeds in the field. This is always ill-advised, since most great sports performers would be poor choices as companions on a desert isle. John Bentley, in telling the lives of nine racing drivers, has avoided this error without falling back into monotony. He treats of nine drivers: three Italians, two Englishmen, a German, a Frenchman, an Argentinian, and an American (Nuvolari, Ascari, Varzi, Seaman, Moss, Caracciola, Sommer, Fangio, and Shaw). One of them, Tazio Nuvolari, is of an eminence unique in sport, for his ranking as the greatest driver of all time, a *virtuoso* of *virtuosi,* is almost never disputed. His sense of vocation was striking. He drove from 1924 until 1948, when he was so ill that he had to be lifted from the seat of the car after a race. Every major bone in his body was broken at least once. He won a motorcycle race encased in a plaster cast, assured by his doctor that the least fall would be fatal. He was ferociously competitive, once told a rival he could beat him on anything, bicycles included, and did it. Nuvolari was idolized in Italy. When he entered a restaurant the proprietor commonly requested all other guests to leave, so that the attention of the full staff could be given *Il Maestro, Il Campionissimo.*

The author, John Bentley, comes with notable qualifications. He has written a dozen motoring books, innumerable magazine articles, and has competed in eighty-odd races in the last decade. Of his subjects, three still live, two in retirement; four died at the wheel, one in an aircraft, one, Nuvolari, in bed.

"THE WORLD'S RACING CARS AND SPORTS CARS," *by Douglas Armstrong* (*Hanover House.* 208 *pp.* $3.50). An illustrated handbook offering photographs and full details of ninety high-performance automobiles, including such uncommon makes as the Karkhov, Stanguellini, Jensen, and Tojeiro. Thoroughly interesting and authoritative, with a foreword by the late world champion, Mike Hawthorn.

"THE AUTOMOBILE YEAR, 1959" (*Doubleday.* 230 *pp.* $9.95). Edited in Switzerland and showing the hand of Swiss master-printers on every page, this handsome annual is aesthetically delightful and informationally complete. It offers, to make a partial list, reports on every 1958 race, detailed down to pre-race practice times and causes of retirement; a current catalogue of the world's automobiles; a treatise on the industry in Russia and, as a corollary, Russian racing, a history of Mercedes-Benz, a report on the Cornell University crash injury research program, and superb color reproductions in profusion. It is required reading for anyone aspiring to acquaintance with the contemporary motorcar. —K. P.

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Seven More to Extol Man's Skill

***"Wonders of the World," by Leonard Cottrell** (Rinehart. 248 pp. $4.50), selects from today's marvels seven to rank with those of antiquity. The book is reviewed by Ronald Jessup, author of "The Wonderful World of Archaeology," and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London.*

By Ronald Jessup

WHAT would you choose as a modern wonder of the world? What do you really know about the seven wonders of the ancient world? The first, you might think, is but a pleasant subject for an evening's guessing game, while the second is so hackneyed there is nothing more to be profitably said about it. How wrong you could be is shown by this bold and exciting book. The author, who is a widely traveled and experienced radio-producer much thought of in Britain for his programs with an archaeological flavor, has an undoubted flair for bringing the archaeologist's point of view home to everyman. In this book he takes us on a brilliantly imaginative journey to see the seven wonders of the ancient world, and continues with a dramatic trip to seven wonders of modern times—triumphs of architecture, engineering, and science. It is a project which in less skilled hands would have fallen flat. Leonard Cottrell's success is due to two things: first to a dramatist's keen eye for a situation, but particularly to his intense and all-prevalent concern for the mind of man. His last chapter, which is called "A Personal View," enters boldly into "the realms of sociology, and politics, and above all, religious faith," and shows a devotion to man's past but equally to his present.

Of the old-established seven wonders, only the Great Pyramid survives for the world to see. Koldeway may have found the masonry of the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon in his excavations in 1903; foundations of the Tomb of Mausolus, a prince of Caria who died in 353 B.C., discovered by excavation, and the sculpture now preserved in the British Museum, give us some idea of this classical building. Part of the Temple of Artemis of Ephesus has yielded its secrets to archaeologists, and pieces of its sculpture have also found a home in the British Museum, but of the famous statue of the great Diana-Artemis nothing has ever been found. The cryselephantine statue of the Olympian Zeus, likewise, is but a literary memory, though Mr. Cottrell's account of the Olympic Festival, in which the reader almost smells the sweat of the games, brings it vividly to mind. Of the great lighthouse on the island of Pharos at Alexandria and the Colossus of Rhodes, again, nothing now remains. Though the monuments (with the exception of the Hanging Gardens and the Lighthouse, they were all of religious intent) have disappeared, their golden fame is for posterity, and this account of time, places, and method, archaeologically correct in its detail, is of material help in putting them in a proper perspective. The author has seen the sites for himself, and breathed the air.

What *would* you choose as a modern wonder? Scarcely, perhaps, Chicago's sewage-disposal system, though it once headed an American list. The possibilities are wide, in pure and applied science and in art, and if the traveler of the third century B.C. could return to the world it would be difficult indeed to know what to show him. Mr. Cottrell makes a choice for us. He begins with the Empire State Building, the mile-long Golden Gate Suspension Bridge, and Calder Hall in Britain, which was the first commercial station for atomic energy to be built in the world. Then follow the Grand Coulee Dam with its "cosmic bathtub"; the underground Snowy River Scheme, which is an international hydroelectric and irrigation achievement in New South Wales, Australia; Britain's radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank, which is picking up and recording radio-waves a thousand years old, and finally the Russian earth-satellite, which circuited this planet in 105 minutes. All these wonders are described in an authentic way but in language which is at once simple and direct. The author says that he was the despair of his physics teacher at school. Maybe so, but to read his basic principle of atomic fission set down in a layman's terms is to realize that he has subsequently majored with honors.

The modern wonders, Mr. Cottrell finds, and not surprisingly, cannot really be equated with any of the ancient seven. "Their only correspondence," he writes, "lies in the fact that all are solid, material objects which can be seen and touched; and all are capable of exciting amazement." But man's knowledge of his and other worlds is expanding constantly. This knowledge and the resultant technical skill are based on a foundation laid by our forerunners· we see further than they did, but we are the same human beings. The quest is with us, and this book with its insistence on the human values lying behind man's technical achievements, lights up our path.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Pope: "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady." 2. Francis Quarles: "Delight in God Only." 3. Shakespeare: "Richard II," iv, i. 4. Longfellow: "The Song of Hiawatha." 5. Burns: "My Heart's in the Highlands." 6. W. S. Gilbert: "To the Terrestrial Globe" ("Bab Ballads"). 7. R. H. Barham: "The Jackdaw of Rheims." 8. Whitman: "Song of Myself" (animals).

Dateline New Delhi

***"The Leaf and the Flame," by Margaret Parton** (Knopf. 277 pp. $3.95), is a deeply etched picture of the Indian scene as viewed by the author over a period of five years. The accuracy of her impressions is attested by R. K. Narayan, a resident of Mysore, who wrote "The Guide," "The Printer of Malgudi," and other novels.*

By R. K. Narayan

MARGARET PARTON came to India as a staff correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune* during a period left unmentioned in the book but which may be guessed as that following the death of Mahatma Gandhi. But really the year is unimportant: the book records facts and facets of India that are slow-changing. The author carefully avoids topical, ephemeral matters which may read well in a daily column but become dead within twenty-four hours.

It is worth examining at what point one may safely begin to write about a country one is visiting. First impressions are the best, some argue; you must dispatch your impressions while the mold is still warm, before usage could deaden perception. This urgency has produced many books on India, competently written but shallow and misleading. Miss Parton,

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however, is different. She stayed in India for five years, enough time to help one pass the stage of novelty and bewilderment before writing a final judgment on the country. Her professional activities took her through much public life in New Delhi, among statesmen, politicians, diplomats, officials, and agitators. By virtue of being married to an Englishman, and particularly through the friendship of an English family, she was able to taste the joys and sorrows of being a *memsahib* in a Kiplingesque world of servants, exclusive clubs, chota pegs, and lords and ladies gay, flourishing in a fortified green isle that the British community managed to create and maintain for more than a century, on this harsh brownish subcontinent.

> The fact that the Purcells give employment to so many people . . . is no doubt more important that my own unease at the thought that thirty-two Indians are necessary to the comfort of two Britishers . . . Poor Janet has absolutely nothing to do. I watched her today, and my final conclusion is that she is a gallant woman whose life would drive me mad.

Miss Parton's third role was as an expectant mother, a situation rather complicated by her expectations of American standards of equipment and care, hardly ever thought of in a country where the teeming millions arrive and grow under quite different circumstances. When looking for soft baby clothes through the shops of New Delhi she found that "everything, absolutely everything, was made of scratchy organdy embroidered with rosettes." When she did succeed in getting a few articles from America, with the baby coming any moment, the tangled formalities at the customs took her to the edge of desperation. After initial misgivings, she developed trust in her Indian doctor and her hospital. After all, given sufficient time, India generally overwhelms and brings on a mood of acceptance in anyone, and Miss Parton settled down to await the birth of her baby with happy abandon.

At this stage she visited Kurukshetra, where she saw half a million Hindus go through a purifactory bath in the sacred lake during an eclipse of the sun, and a sudden mood of "one-ness," of being part of the flow of humanity, swept over her. "For a time, a soft breathing time without measurement, we flowed together down the road toward holiness, toward perfection, toward Brahman."

"The Leaf and the Flame" is a sensitive, amusing, and incisive account of the Indian scene.

The Past

Continued from page 25

the next phase begin to rise: John Lilburne and William Walwyn, later to be instigators of "the most remarkable political movement of the century," that of the Levellers. The story of the Levellers, of intense importance in the background of all of us, will—along with the dramatic interviews between Charles and Cromwell and the execution of the former—provide Miss Wedgwood's next volume with plenty of additional fuel to stoke a reader's excitement. Meanwhile we have the present book, with its acute character sketches, its vigorous battles, and those violent politics which are so clearly ancestral to our own; it is a book that stands out as a triumph of current historical writing.

History Hypoed North of Border

"Canadians in the Making: A Social History of Canada," by A. R. M. Lower *(Longmans, Green. 475 pp. $7.50), correcting what has too long been dismissed as a drab story, colorfully portrays our neighbors up north. The author of numerous articles and a book on the history of American-Canadian relations, H. L. Keenleyside is Under Secretary for Public Administration at the United Nations.*

By H. L. Keenleyside

THERE is a frozen and unanimous conviction in Canada that, of all school and university subjects, Canadian history is the most boring. It is only within the last decade or two that this conviction has begun to melt. More perhaps than any other, Professor Arthur Lower has been responsible for the change. His new book will be his greatest contribution to the melting process. And this is no small praise, because his own earlier "Colony to Nation" was certainly the best general history of Canada previously available.

The basic fault with the traditional teaching and writing of Canadian history was its content—which its style did little to redeem. Almost without exception Canadians accepted Freeman's definition of history as "past politics." Not even a genius could arouse interest in the chronicle of Canada which, beginning with the early explorers and the Indian wars, then lapsed into a musty recital of the Quebec Act, the Constitutional Act, the War of 1812 (which Canada won!), the Act of Union, the British North America Act, the administrations of Macdonald and Laurier, the First World War, and William Lyon Mackenzie King. No wonder Canadians were bored with their ancestors. They knew practically nothing about them.

It was not until Skelton and Innis began to interpret Canadian history in terms of its economic foundations, until Burt and Underhill began to recognize the influence of the frontier, until Soward and Brown began to see Canada in its international setting that any significant change appeared. It was left to Lower to combine and build on these new elements by studying and describing the life of the Canadian people. With him Canadian historiography has begun to come of age.

There have been times when his friends have been greatly worried by Arthur Lower. His weakness for writing popular articles on current topics with which he is only superficially acquainted, while entertaining and provocative, has not strengthened his reputation either for accuracy or wisdom. His iconoclastic approach to the stuffiness and pretensions of Canadian life has been a valuable astringent. As an academic and erudite Mencken he has awakened, excited, angered, and delighted a steadily widening audi-

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From Controversy Springs Progress

A friend and co-worker of mine sent me a copy. It has done more for me to level out my own inherent sense of values about criticism than anything in the last 20 years.—Normand Lockwood, Visiting Prof. of Theory and Comp. at Univ. of Oregon.

An acrid, droll provocative book. My students read it with wonder at Mr. Shaw's temerity in attacking the printed word of writers of text-books although they are secretly delighted and amused. Faculty members who possess a sense of humor are pleased with the book, while those lacking the same are just startled and their feathers ruffled.—Dr. Charles S. Giles, Assoc. Prof. of Art, Univ. of Tampa.

Snobbery and humbug are the keynotes of contemporary criticism, maintains Mr. Shaw, and then sets out to prove it hilariously but effectively. — Aug. Derleth, in Capital Times.

A quick glance through this book only serves to remind me of some very fine "rubbish" which I should have read, but haven't. Therefore I regret I cannot keep the book since I must save my money for the "rubbish."—W. Fertig, English Dept., Wabash College.

As thinking and as theory, this book is plain silly. But as a collection of the sillinesses of art critics, it is often amusing.—Gilbert Seldes.

I loved it—gave three critics one copy each—they loved it. "Lost is he who hath no humor."—Dr. Wm. K. Kellar, Prof. of Psychiatry, Univ. of Louisville.

Unfortunately I find it to be utter nonsense. — Colin C. Sterne, Acting Head, Dept. of Music Appr., Univ. of Pittsburgh.

You claim to deliver a counter-attack upon various critical excesses and had you done so your job would have merited some praise and perhaps have served a useful purpose. But in the guise of doing this you have written one of the most anti-intellectual, anti-human, anti-art attacks I have yet seen.—Gerald E. Enscoe, Engl. Dept., Wayne Univ.

Just finished it with great amusement and agreement. —F. L. Lucas, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, England.

This was a much-needed book. It delighted me and has delighted many of my colleagues. — Dr. Carol Bowie, N. Carolina College at Durham.

Such a gleeful approach to ripping away the cobweb of words . . . behind which critics maintain their self-imposed importance.—John T. Maguire, Asst. Prof. of English, Univ. of Illinois.

A fine and intelligent book could be written on this subject. It's too bad this isn't it. — Robert S. Ryf, Occidental College.

PRECIOUS RUBBISH is mere drivel, petty fault-finding, the misguided labor of a wise fool who picks over a bushel of grain with the intent of finding a handful of chaff. It's too bad its author wasn't an illiterate as well as an ignoramus; if he had been he wouldn't have had the illusion of his competence to criticize the critics. But a person who is himself incapable of making discrimination should not suppose that his own stupidity should be imposed on all the rest of us.—Darrel Abel, English Department, Purdue University.

Within five minutes after receiving my copy of PRECIOUS RUBBISH I had decided it was just the thing for my aesthetics course.—Scott E. Crom, Asst. Prof. of Philosophy, Beloit College.

PRECIOUS RUBBISH which I received and promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies.—John Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Adviser, Wayne University.

PRECIOUS RUBBISH is childish, offensive. I suspect it can have little influence on a rational man . . . employs all the most obvious and crude devices of the propagandst who attempts to discourage thoughtful evaluation by appealing to ready-made prejudices. Rubbish.—J. Paul Stauffer, Chmn., Engl. Dept., Pacific Union Coll.

What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes, and to pretty general applause . . . It's a lulu.—Conrad Aiken.

Enjoyable—a much-needed frontal attack.—Dr. Lyle N. Perkins, Head Ceramics Dept., Rhode Is. Sch of. Design.

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Seems to me to be a much-needed call to arms. Our regnant school of criticism is not merely misled but downright dishonest, in my opinion. — Rev. Louis F. Doyle, S.J., St. Louis Univ.

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PRECIOUS RUBBISH is superb. I intend to use it in my aesthetics course.—Dale Riepe. Head Philos. Dept., Univ. of N. Dakota.

I enclose stamps for PRECIOUS RUBBISH, which is an exact description of this book. — Henry W. Adams, Engl. Dept., Georgia Tech.

I've enjoyed PRECIOUS RUBBISH and think I've profited from reading it. Anyone steeped in cross-cultural studies is pretty sure to be on the road to Relativism, so I find myself largely in agreement with Shaw's basic point of view. — Carrol D. Clark, Chmn. Dept. of Sociol., Univ. of Kan.

Mr. Shaw's words seem not so good as those of the authors he quotes. I am returning the book.—Dr. I. A. Richard, Harvard Univ.

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ence of students and of literate adults. His tendency to exaggerate, his addiction to the shocking phrase, his quick generalizations, his wry but not always well-aimed humor—all these add up to stimulating journalism, but they have tended to weaken the author's authority as an historian.

Then he produces a book like "Canadians in the Making." This is indeed, as its subtitle describes it, "a social history of Canada." Here better than anywhere else can be found the story of how Canadians have lived, what they thought and believed, why they have behaved as they did—and do. It is a story, full of excitement, vivid in description, admirably proportioned, written with skill and passion.

There is much in the book that should commend it to Americans. Professor Lower is highly sensitive to the heavy, unrelenting, pervasive impact of the United States on its northern neighbor. Less than most historians, and in direct contradiction of the usual modern commentator—whether journalist, sociologist, or out-of-office politician—he does not think of this as a modern phenomenon.While he would probably not agree with the present writer that American influence was greater 100 years ago than it is today, he does recognize that in political, economic, religious, social, and intellectual affairs it has always been a major determinant in Canada.

When his narrative comes down to modern times the author necessarily enters a more controversial area. No one of strong opinions could write about "the postwar revolution," "the change in sexual morals," or "the old culture and the new civilization," "Men like gods: British style and American" without inviting dissent. But no one could read Lower's views on these and other matters without being aroused, entertained—and forced to think.

On one point a caveat must be entered. He restates in rather exaggerated terms the old belief that Canada has been and is constantly being drained of its best human resources—both immigrant and native-born—by emigration to the United States.

> Canada has retained the withdrawn people, the sedate and those with the least energy and ability. What this century-old export of brains and energy has done to our society cannot be estimated . . .

That there is some truth in this wail is of course undeniable, but it is not nearly as simple and as one-sided as Professor Lower, and many other Canadians, insist on asserting.

In the first place, many of those who go to the United States eventually—and sometimes soon—return to Canada (for example, Professor Lower, who once taught at Tufts). Among the emigrants are many of the unstable types to whom ties of family or country are of little moment. While it is true that many of those who leave Canada are among the most intelligent and energetic, many others go because the competition in the United States is less severe. Take Professor Lower's own profession. He must know that although there are many distinguished Canadian professors in American universities there are far more of mediocre ability who have gone to the United States because they were losing out in the Canadian race. And although many Canadians of distinction in professional or business life have sought larger opportunities in the United States, this is also true of Canadian hoboes, prostitutes, and criminals. A notable proportion of talented Canadian actors, artists, musicians seek careers in the south; but so do many others who are content to devote their lives to writing or reading television commercials. The movement to the United States, from the Canadian viewpoint, is by no means an undiluted evil.

But in spite of this and of occasional other lapses in interpretation, it would be seriously wrong to underestimate Professor Lower's achievement. He has written a distinguished book. There is no longer any excuse for calling Canadian history dull. And here is an admirable opportunity for Americans, who know far less of Canada than Canadians do of the United States, to remedy this defect and enjoy themselves in the process.

The Land of Lee

"Virginia: A New Look at the Old Dominion," by Marshall Fishwick *(Harper. 304 pp. $5.50), at once sparkles with anecdotes about one of our original states, and draws sparks for the author's insistence that its inhabitants are too absorbed in contemplating their ancestral navels.* SR's *critic is Virginius Dabney, editor of the* Richmond Times-Dispatch *and a winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1947 for his editorial writing.*

By Virginius Dabney

THIS is in many ways a scholarly and perceptive history of Virginia, and it is also the most readable story of the Old Dominion that has appeared in at least half a century. It has color, movement, and style.

The book would have been even better if the author had given less emphasis to what he regards as Virginia's almost pathological preoccupation with the past. His reiteration of this thesis, and his omission of salient facts which tend to contradict it, weaken the force of the volume. Virginians are pictured as spending most of their time reflecting on their ancestors—a charge not wholly lacking in substance—but important evidences of their state's cultural and material progress are glossed over or left out entirely.

Once this is said, no other serious criticisms are to be made. On the contrary, Mr. Fishwick has managed to cover a huge canvas ably and with stylistic grace. It should be noted that his historical approach is informal, colloquial, and anecdotal. The footnotes are in the back.

We have here a great diversity: everything from stories about Captain John Smith and Stonewall Jackson to yarns concerning the mountain fiddlers of southwestern Virginia; from portions of Innes Randolph's post-Civil War ballad "The Good Old Rebel" to the satiric versification of Ogden Nash anent the latter-day in-

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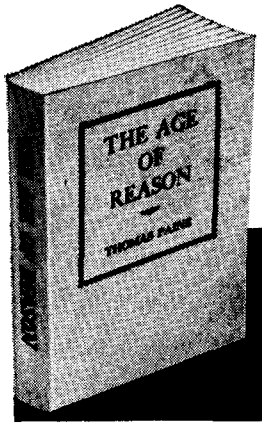

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vasion of Virginia by Long Island's horsy set.

On a thread of incident and anecdote is woven a connected and coherent story, one which evidences familiarity with the major works on Virginia history and many of the minor ones, as well. Mr. Fishwick begins at the beginning—the settlement of Jamestown in 1607—but his treatment, in general, is topical rather than chronological.

He is distressingly close to the mark in his description of certain Virginian foibles and follies. We Virginians *are* conservative, even stuffy, at times; we can be "hard to know," and we have acquired a reputation in certain quarters for preoccupation with our past to the virtual exclusion of the present and the future. Mr. Fishwick is right again in saying that Tidewater Virginia has behaved, at times, as though the state's mountainous southwest didn't exist.

But when these facts are conceded, there remains the author's failure so much as to mention important evidences that Virginia is by no means the center of overwhelming reaction which he depicts. The "Byrd machine" comes in for severe criticism at his hands (although he concedes its honesty), but he omits any reference to the Barter Theatre at Abingdon or the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts at Richmond—both not only nationally renowned, but the first *state*-supported theatre and art museum in the United States. In both cases the state support was voted by the dominant Democratic political organization. Mr. Fishwick is so anxious to assail that organization that he even takes exception to its adoption, some three decades ago under Governor Harry F. Byrd, of the "short ballot," although this had just been adopted in New York under Governor Alfred E. Smith, and was considered the acme of progressivism!

In nothing is Mr. Fishwick more critical of Virginia than for its handling of the current controversy over integration in the public schools. Yet almost as soon as he had completed his book, Governor J. Lindsay Almond and the state legislature set an example of reluctant obedience to authority which won praise from coast to coast, and even overseas.

While it is necessary to point out the foregoing, in order to provide a balanced picture (and other lapses might be cited), "Virginia: A New Look at the Old Dominion" promises to be widely read, and deservedly so. A great deal of miscellaneous and fascinating material has been brought together by the author, and he has presented most of it with force, perception, and charm.

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Ernest Hemingway

Continued from page 15

into my face—insultingly, though not hard enough to hurt.

My response, although angry and instantaneous, was circumspect. I knew that Ernest could knock me out in a half-second in a boxing match, but I can wrestle. I grappled with him, clinging so close he couldn't hit me. After some swaying and grunting I threw him on his back across Max Perkins's desk, and down on his head on the floor. My fingers were at his throat and I had some vague idea, although by that time no wish, to do him violence. More accurately, I think I was wondering how much my "honor" demanded that I should do. I forgot all about the necessity, if that is what it was, of hitting him in the face with a book.

Ernest solved the problem by smiling up at me, the old friendly smile, and reaching up to pat my shoulder. I thought he meant: "Well, you're not as soft as I thought you were," or perhaps: "Okay, both my shoulders are on the floor." The gesture served, at any rate, to restore me to my natural world, a world in which fighting is unpleasant and friends try to understand each other. At the same moment gentle and tremulous Max Perkins leaned down and urged me in my ear:

"Max, please! Please don't do this!"

As I remember it, Whitney Darrow, Sr., was conducting a similar propaganda from the side toward the door, and the doorway was probably filled with the joyously anxious faces of several secretaries and stenographers. It was socially, to say the least, a distressing situation. I got up promptly and with happy relief. Ernest scrambled to his feet too, and we both started picking up books, blotters, pens, pencils—for the desk had been swept clean by our dive across it.

"You don't need to pick up those things, boys," Perkins said. "The girls can do that."

"I'm glad," I said, "because I'm winded," and I returned to my chair.

Ernest, smiling that same friendly smile, came over as soon as I sat down and patted me on the shoulder *again*. But then—once more as though he had forgotten something—he walked off to the space in front of the desk and began shouting insults at me.

"I hit you in the face with your own book," he shouted. "I let you off easy too, see?"

On reflection, I judge he was talking for the audience at the door or in the adjoining rooms, but at the time it seemed to me that these shifts of emotion were simply crazy.

"Ernest, I think you're a lunatic," was all I said. But his rage, or whatever emotion it was, increased with the expression of it. When he arrived at an obscene epithet considered to be the ultimate in the way of challenge to battle, instead of diving in again, I turned to Perkins:

"Max, who is calling on you, Ernest or I?"

Max looked infinitely embarrassed, and in the pause Ernest said:

"All right, I know. I'll get out."

Which, after adjusting his collar and tie, he did.

I said to Max when he was gone: "That was a little remote from our anthology of poetry, wasn't it?"

He answered, with comforting irrelevance:

"Well, anyway, you were on top!"

As I went out, Hemingway, who was now in another office, shouted something about "scratching people's eyes out." It was a taunt, obviously, at my grappling with him instead of standing off and socking him, a taunt that would soon grow up into a full-sized fantasy. A merited taunt, perhaps, but I cannot honestly say that I regret that lifesaving "choice of weapons." Max Perkins comforted me somewhat when I called to see him a few weeks later.

"I don't like to discuss the embarrassing thing that happened when you were here before, Max," he said. "But I do want to tell you that I think you acted magnificently. You were Arthurian. You couldn't let a thing like that pass without doing something, and you did just enough."

IT MIGHT have looked Arthurian, but there was nothing so clear-purposed in me. I was angry, scared and bewildered—chiefly, I think, bewildered: What is a civilized man supposed to do in such circumstances?

I have been able to relate this incident in such detail because, interpreting Ernest's erratic behavior as I did, I had a hunch that he would invent fantasies, and I went home and wrote down exactly what happened and was said.

My hunch was correct, and so far as the hero of this essay goes, the significant part of the story begins here. Eliena and I had dinner that evening in Croton with our neighbors, Eric and Jere Knight, and I naturally regaled them with my adventure. Two mornings later Eric went to town and towards noon I was startled by telephone calls from the *Post* and the *World-Telegram* asking for an account of what had happened at Scribners. They were printing the story and they didn't want to get it wrong. I outlined the main facts impromptu to the *Post*'s reporter, and to the *World-Telegram* (my special friends), I read over the telephone the gist of what I had written. Hemingway was in bad standing with newspapermen at the time because of his reported habit of knocking down reviewers who didn't like his books. It is not too much to say that the whole newspaper world was wishing somebody would knock down Ernest Hemingway. I did my best to convince the two reporters who called me that I had dismally failed to fulfill this civic duty.

But it did little good. Both papers carried on the front page a hilariously laughing picture of me taken from the jacket of my "Enjoyment of Laughter," and alongside one of Ernest in a dismal grouch. The *Post*'s headline read:

"Unimportance of Being Ernest Hemingway Shown When Eastman Unbeards a Chest. Literary Hair-Pulling Sends Bullfight Lover Asprawl When Max Goes Picador."

Its long story concluded: "Mr. Eastman is planning an article to be entitled 'Enjoyment of Thrashing Ernest.'" The *World-Telegram* was more subdued, but both papers, and indeed every paper in the country served by the principal news agencies, carried the story substantially as I told it. Ernest had a hard time putting his fantasy across, but he possessed the necessary skill. He made an appointment with a reporter from *The New York Times* to meet him in Scribners editorial rooms, where for obvious reasons, he was safe from contradiction. And as the *Times* was sending him to Spain, he was sure also of a respectful listener. His version appeared the next morning under the headline: "Hemingway Slaps Eastman in Face." Here is the story as it appeared in the *Times*:

> Mr. Hemingway commented on an essay by Mr. Eastman that had been entitled "Bull in the Afternoon."
>
> Mr. Eastman had written:
>
> "Come out from behind that false hair on your chest, Ernest. We all know you."
>
> The volume containing this essay happened to be on Mr. Perkins's crowded desk. "And when I saw that," says Mr. Hemingway, "I began to get sore."
>
> In what he hoped was a playful manner, he said, he bared his chest to Mr. Eastman and asked him to look at the hair and say whether it was false.
>
> He persuaded Mr. Eastman to bare his chest and commented on its comparatively hairless condition.
>
> "We were just fooling around

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in a way," Mr. Hemingway said yesterday. "But when I looked at him and I thought about the book, I got sore. I tried to get him to read to me, in person, some of the stuff he had written about me. He wouldn't do it. So that's when I socked him with the book."

"Was he in a chair or standing up?"

"He was standing over there," pointing to a window with a window seat in Mr. Perkins's office. "I didn't really sock him. If I had I might have knocked him through that window and out into Fifth Avenue. That would be fine, wouldn't it? That would have got me in wrong with my boss, and he might have had me arrested. So, though I was sore, I just slapped him. That knocked him down."

"But how about throwing you over the desk?" Mr. Hemingway was asked, "and standing you on your head in a corner?"

"He didn't throw anybody anywhere. He jumped at me like a woman—clawing, you know, with his open hands. I just held him off. I didn't want to hurt him. He is ten years older than I am. . . ."

"How about books and papers being knocked off the desk?" Mr. Hemingway was asked. "Mr. Eastman says—"

"Sure, some books were knocked off. He jumped at me, I held him off, there was a little, a little wrestle. . . .

"The man didn't have a bit of fight. He just croaked, you know, at Max Perkins. 'Who's calling on you? Ernest or me?' So I got out. But he didn't do any throwing around. He just sat and took it. . . ."

Mr. Perkins and other members of the Scribners staff refused to do more than verify the fact that the affair had taken place, taking the stand that "this is a personal matter between the two gentlemen in question."

Not satisfied with this achievement, Ernest apparently found or prepared a book with a smudge in it, and in a subsequent interview, declared that this was "Eastman's nose-print when I slapped him in the face." Stimulated by this bit of documentation, he discovered that we had agreed to say nothing about the scuffle and that I had violated the agreement by releasing my version to the press. By the time he reached the *New York Tribune,* he had a story that was really worthy of his talent. Here he had slapped me in the face with such force that I "tottered backward and collapsed on the window seat."

Eastman sat there on the window seat, trembling with rage. He said, "Ernest, you're a big bully." I was laughing at him all the time and I said, "Max, if you were ten years younger I'd knock the hell out of you." He came for me then and I backed up against the desk, still laughing. I said: "Make this guy stop being silly. He's too old." I just held him off. I was trying to keep from hurting him. . . .

Rather in contradiction with his concern for my premature decrepitude, he concluded with a challenge to me to meet him "in a closed room where no one can interfere," and an offer to post $1,000 as a purse to go either to my favorite charity or to defray my "medical and hospital costs."

To this, as quoted by the *Tribune,* I answered: "Tell Hemingway I fight when I'm attacked—either by a natural born ruffian, or a self-made one."

The columnists and cartoonists, of course, and even the sports writers, had a holiday with this "battle of the ages" between "Ernie and Maxie," in one version—in another "the Croton Mauler and the Havana Kid." Alain in *The New Yorker* showed a sturdy young man with a chest of hair being examined by an astonished doctor. "Writer?" the doctor exclaims. "Everybody knows that when Ernest goes swimming he takes his own seaweed with him," was a commentator's remark that sticks in my mind, along with Westbrook Pegler's casual allusion to Hemingway as "one of the most talented of our fur-bearing authors. . . ."

Which brings me back to my initial purpose—to take a hand at defining the something that is great about Ernest Hemingway. For me it begins in his passing through and triumphing over the subtly influential, and yet basically degrading, baby-talk cult of Gertrude Stein, who is generally credited, and who credited herself, with molding his style. When I called Hemingway "a full-sized man swinging the poet's broad axe" I was thinking of this. I had in mind Walt Whitman's "Song of the Broad Axe." I had in mind Walt Whitman whose "this is no book—who touches this touches a man" sums up pioneer America's revolt, not only against feudalism and the genteel tradition, but against all those mincing refinements which separate the pen-and-ink life from life in the world. But here again I have not space for my tribute to what I think is great in Ernest Hemingway.

I want to describe our last meeting, which was friendly. In Havana in 1946, Eliena and I were loitering at the Bar Florida, watching the sober, slender, delicate-handed creator of daiquiris making them for his guests. Glancing in the mirror behind the bar, I saw standing four feet behind me a thick, stern-faced character with big glasses, beetle-black eyes and greying black hair. Something familiar about him . . . yes, it must be . . . but so heavy-glaring, sad, brutal, unillumined . . . Ernest Hemingway. A kind of Hemingway.

My heart jumped a little. But I measured the space between him and the open door behind him: he was in a position, if tackled, to be thrown through the door to the sidewalk on his back. This calculation insured me against the bewilderment which had been so painful when he insulted me before, and I was untroubled when I turned around and said: "Hello, Ernest."

He stared at me while I waited as one waits for a radio to warm up and say something. Finally he said: "Hello, Max," and we shook hands.

"You remember Eliena," I said, and made room for her between us.

He greeted Eliena more warmly, and smiled when she said: "Are you really Ernest? I looked and looked and simply couldn't believe it was you."

"How have I changed so much?" he asked.

"You used to have blue eyes!" she said.

It summarized the change in him, she told me afterward. But his eyes looked so opaquely black, so like discs of obsidian, that it sounded ludicrous and we all laughed.

"Will you have a drink?" he said.

AND so we stood there a while, sipping a cocktail and talking about our mutual friends, about the beauties of Cuba, about his being in France and running into Ross Sander's son, about his own son—then a soldier. A man with a camera came up and spoke to him, then backed off. Ernest took off his big glasses.

"Now I look more like I used to," he said smiling.

We spoke of Waldo Pierce, Dos Passos, Hadley, Bill Smith, Gerald Murphy. Ernest thought they were all awfully nice.

He seemed awfully nice himself, although every little while he would stare beyond us in an unseeing way that suggested inward tension to my perhaps too diagnostic eye.

"I'll be seeing you around," he said when we parted.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1306

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Describing in outline with little detail.	90 148 172 53 8 179 44
B. When Solomon Grundy was christened.	150 47 51 62 138 25 81
C. Belonged, as a right, quality, etc.	76 123 114 118 33 30 101
D. Tasso's Count of Toulouse ("Jerusalem Delivered").	110 160 102 34 20 55 174
E. Causing forgetfulness, or even death.	48 99 144 2 125 94 26
F. Wreathe round.	10 84 161 1 49 128 35
G. Genus consisting of the wood rats.	182 68 28 85 137 42 96
H. Emily Dickinson's little flower that "tried to be a rose and failed."	66 7 141 88 136 100 29
I. Reserve, diffidence.	153 186 27 131 59 157 23
J. Term in grammar, inceptive.	130 17 64 78 22 167 37
K. French man of letters (1811-72; "Mlle. de Maupin," etc.).	113 89 83 183 70 61 80
L. English botanist who identified valuable aloe plants, Cape of Good Hope (1767-1833).	31 140 151 71 188 129 75
M. Given to brief, exaggerated enthusiasms.	74 54 95 142 104 13 91
N. Colorless liquid found in petroleum; epithet of a "number" used to measure antiknock properties of motor fuel.	170 178 158 32 11 127
O. Of the Rhine region.	98 24 187 65 146 115 109
P. Foliated or chalky variety of calcite, of pearly luster.	152 67 93 119 56 18 3
Q. Indistinct; transitory; unsubstantial.	39 155 92 173 111 15 38
R. The stage, in general; dramatic literature.	58 162 116 52 19 181 69
S. The Apocryphal angel presiding over the spirits of men in afterlife.	60 16 133 36 163 14 121
T. Liquid mixture used for denaturing alcohol.	43 97 107 134 159 46 169
U. Location of the circumference of the "nature of God," acc'g to traditional saying of Empedocles.	4 73 21 6 168 126 106
V. Musical instrument, or a tune, or a key, mentioned in the Psalms.	132 184 176 5 143 63 9
W. Manifest.	175 117 149 165 12 185 154
X. Sluggish; dull; stupid.	103 112 180 171 156 77 145
Y. Pilot of heavier-than-air craft.	40 50 122 87 108 79 135
Z. Citizen of a great state now involved in a boundary dispute with an even larger one.	57 166 105 177 164 120 147
Z¹. Succession of kings of one family.	72 41 86 82 139 124 45

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 F	2 E	3 P	4 U		5 V	6 U	7 H		8 A	9 V	10 F
11 N	12 W	13 M	14 S		15 Q	16 S	17 J	18 P		19 R	20 D		21 U	22 J	23 I	24 O
	25 B	26 E	27 I	28 G	29 H	30 C		31 L	32 N	33 C	34 D		35 F	36 S	37 J	38 Q
	39 Q	40 Y	41 Z¹		42 G	43 T	44 A		45 Z¹	46 T	47 B		48 E	49 F	50 Y	51 B
	52 R	53 A		54 M	55 D		56 P	57 Z	58 R	59 I	60 S	61 K	62 B	63 V	64 J	65 O
66 H		67 P	68 G	69 R	70 K	71 L	72 Z¹		73 U	74 M		75 L	76 C	77 X	78 J	79 Y
80 K	81 B		82 Z¹	83 K	84 F	85 G		86 Z¹	87 Y	88 H	89 K	90 A	91 M	92 Q		93 P
94 E	95 M		96 G	97 T	98 O	99 E	100 H	101 C	102 D		103 X	104 M	105 Z	106 U	107 T	
108 Y	109 O	110 D	111 Q	112 X	113 K	114 C		115 O	116 R	117 W	118 C	119 P	120 Z	121 S		122 Y
123 C	124 Z¹	125 E	126 U	127 N	128 F	129 L	130 J	131 I	132 V		133 S	134 T	135 Y	136 H	137 G	138 B
139 Z¹		140 L	141 H	142 M		143 V		144 E	145 X	146 O	147 Z	148 A		149 W	150 B	
151 L	152 P	153 I		154 W	155 Q	156 X	157 I		158 N	159 T	160 D	161 F		162 R	163 S	164 Z
	165 W	166 Z	167 J	168 U	169 T	170 N	171 X	172 A	173 Q		174 D	175 W	176 V	177 Z	178 N	179 A
180 X	181 R	182 G	183 K		184 V	185 W		186 I	187 O	188 L						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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Chess Corner—12

EIGHT grand masters will meet in Yugoslavia in September to vie for the right to a title match with Mikhail Botvinnik, the Soviet world champion. The contenders from the Soviet Union are: Mikhail Tal, USSR champion; Tigran Petrosyan; Paul Keres; and Vassily Smyslov, the former world champion. Also, Svetozar Gligorich, the Yugoslavian champion; Pal Benko, the Hungarian escapee who is now a resident of the United States; Fridrik Olafsson, the Danish titleholder; and Bobby Fischer, the fifteen-year-old champion from the United States. Samuel Reshevsky, the American star, will be absent because he refused to go through the qualifying matches.

Botvinnik won the title in the tournament of Moscow and the Hague, 1948, when the death of Alexander Alekhine in 1946 left the world without a champion. Botvinnik's style is sound, profound, with an occasional flare for brilliancy. Below, he steals the thunder of the radiant performer Keres by winding up majestically with a rook sacrifice, followed by a quiet move.

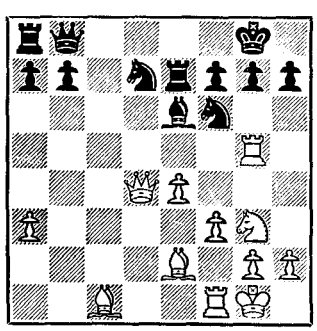
NIMZOINDIAN DEFENSE

M. Botvinnik White		P. Keres Black	
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	6 PxB	R-K1
2 P-QB4	P-K3	7 N-K2	P-K4
3 N-QB3	B-N5	8 N-N3	P-Q3
4 P-K3	O-O	9 B-K2	QN-Q2
5 P-QR3	BxNch	10 O-O	P-B4
	11 P-B3	BPxP	

11 . . . N-B1 is correct. It is unwise to open lines while lagging in development.

12 BPxP	N-N3	16 QxP	Q-B2
13 B-N2	PxP	17 P-B5	PxP
14 P-K4	B-K3	18 RxP	Q-B5
15 R-B1	R-K2	19 B-B1	Q-N1
	20 R-KN5	N(N3)-Q2	

BLACK



WHITE

21 RxPch	KxR
22 N-R5ch	K-N3
23 Q-K3	Resigns

There is no defense to 24 Q-R6 mate.

—Al Horowitz.

Booked for Travel

Continued from page 33

which Washington met the repeated requests from Sukarno for military aid. Finally, in 1957, an exasperated contingent of Army, Navy, and Air Force officers went to Moscow and concluded the arms deal. Lately, we have extended credits too, and Sukarno has come away with the best of two worlds.

Immensely nationalistic, touchy and proud and as flashy with the privilege of this *nouvelle liberté* as a *nouveau riche* is with a bankroll, Indonesia has grabbed off the Asian Games of 1962, for which it will be the host country. No matter that in the winter of 1959 there were only seven rooms in the largest hotel in the capital available for tourists. No matter the crippling effects on its own small airline of throwing out KLM in 1957's fit of pique. The Russians are said to have offered to build them a sports stadium in which to hold the games, and meanwhile a hotel deal is being talked about with Pan American's Intercontinental chain.

For big nights there is the terrace of the Hotel des Indes or the Ambassador where for dinner the other night the menu was offering Dutch smoked eel, smoked cod livers on toast, turtle soup, a fried river fish called *guramih*, served with the sweet and sour sauce, and chunks of gouda and leide, Dutch imports still not banished from the land. The headwaiter might speak English, but you would have to deal with the waiter and the *betjak* driver in Bahasa Indonesia, a Malay-based language in which English is called *Inggeris*, the cook is a *koki*, man is *orang* and *utan* is forest or jungle. A *laki* is a boy, but to say boys you say *laki-laki*. To save space the newspapers will print it laki (2), or boy to the second power.

It doesn't take long before one attains a limited working knowledge of Bahasa Indonesia, and with it one can converse with the endless stream of peddlers who come to the front door carrying an incredible load of brushes from which only the feet of the brush man protrude, or a pair of ice-cream pails suspended from a yoke that weighs 100 pounds. Each man has his own special cry and in the darkening night of Djakarta they call out *eek! iyee! ork! awk!* any of which might mean noodles-for-sale, hot sweet potatoes, or knives sharpened, and are sounds that mingle pleasantly, and rather homily, I think, with the bells of the *betjaks* that roll on silent tires down the strange streets.

—Horace Sutton.

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(Continued on page 54)

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ART

(Continued from page 53)

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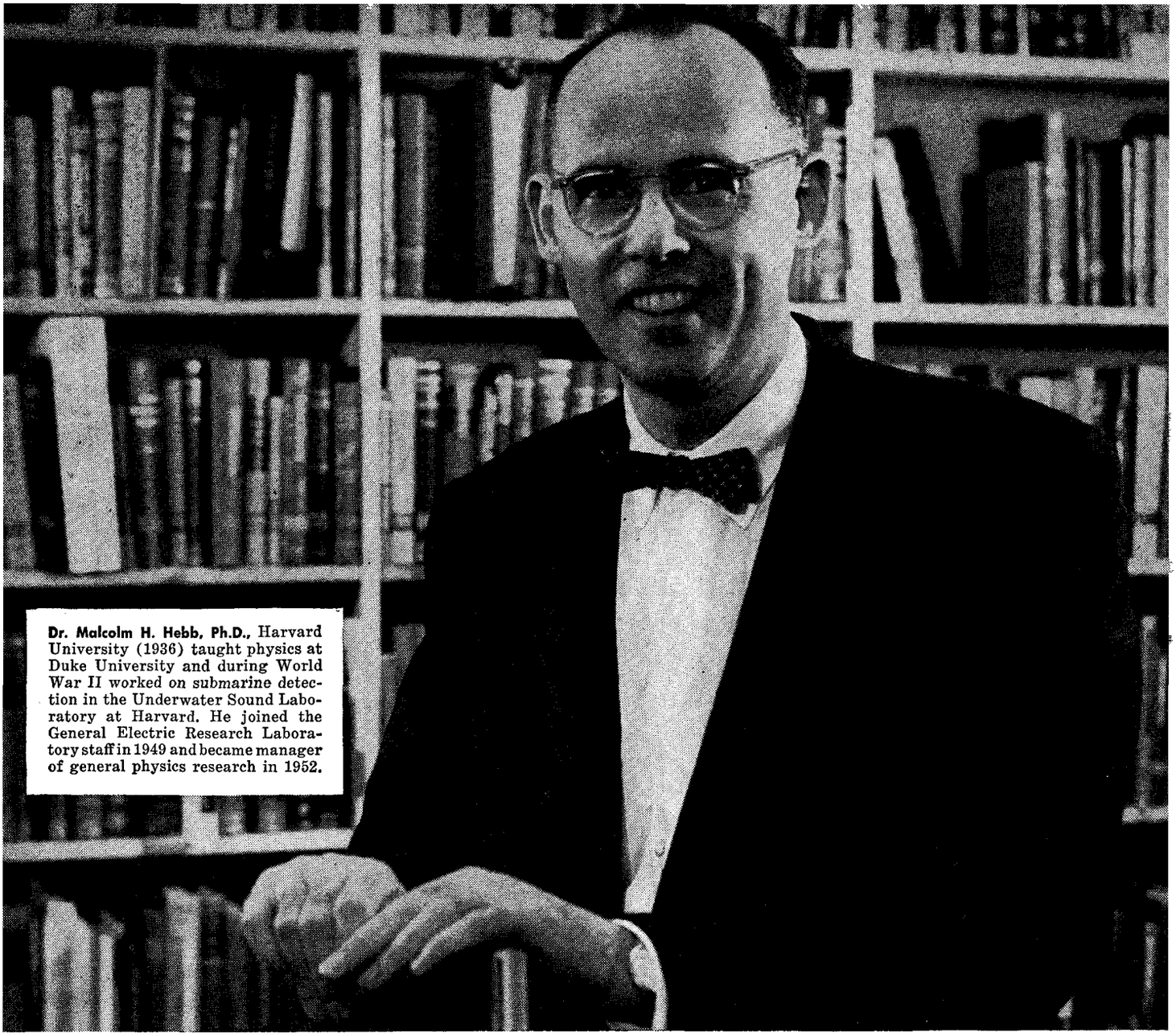

Dr. Malcolm H. Hebb, Ph.D., Harvard University (1936) taught physics at Duke University and during World War II worked on submarine detection in the Underwater Sound Laboratory at Harvard. He joined the General Electric Research Laboratory staff in 1949 and became manager of general physics research in 1952.

Freedom of inquiry

General Electric's Dr. Malcolm H. Hebb discusses programed and unprogramed research

Scientists in the *General Physics Research Department* at the General Electric Research Laboratory are engaged in fundamental studies of semiconduction phenomena, the generation of light, the behavior of arcs, and a variety of other fields. Making certain that these men and women have the tools, the incentives, and the freedom to seek out new knowledge is the particular concern of the department's manager, Dr. Malcolm H. Hebb.

Recently Dr. Hebb said: "Freedom of inquiry is the very essence of research. Conceivably, there are two idealized approaches to industrial research. On the one hand, the work may be carried out on a strictly *programmatic* basis, in which all of the effort is aimed directly at fulfilling immediate needs. In this approach, the horizons of tomorrow are limited by the viewpoint of today. At the opposite extreme is completely *unprogramed* research carried out in the hope that the results may somehow prove useful.

"The practical course lies somewhere between these two extremes. Actually, emphasis may shift from time to time, either from necessity or to take advantage of special opportunity. In a research program aimed at opening up virgin territory, to deny freedom of inquiry is to slam the door on discovery."

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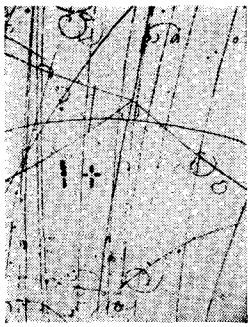

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ARTICLES: What *SR*'s Readers Think About Man in Space

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *ATOM ROUNDUP*
- *SPACESEA STORM*
- *HOW DO WE DIE?*

"FOOTPRINTS on a bubble." That's how the title of this month's masthead photograph should read. The bubble has been tracked up by a rush of particles from an atomic nucleus. The picture is reproduced here as a sign of the times—of the end of one era and the beginning of another. For in just such a bubble, filled with hydrogen, a team of scientists at the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory has discovered the passage of the xi zero or neutral cascade hyperon. And the xi zero is the last particle of ordinary matter which physicists and mathematicians expected to find in the fantastic jigsaw puzzle making up the heart of the atom.

A report on the xi zero's discovery has been published in *Physical Review Letters*, one of the journals of the American Physical Society. The explorers who tracked it down were Luis W. Alvarez, professor of physics at the University of California; Philippe Eberhard, physicist on leave from the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique de France; Myron L. Good, physicist at the Lawrence Laboratory; William Graziano, a graduate student; Harold K. Ticho, professor of physics, University of California, Los Angeles; and Stanley G. Wojcicki, a graduate student. They found the particle's invisible tracks (it doesn't sound right, but it's true) in one of a series of 70,000 pictures. They had to look sharp, for the xi zero lives for only one ten-billionth of a second of time.

A few particles of anti-matter whose presence in the atomic nucleus has been predicted are yet to be found. But the main job of piecing the nucleus together is now done. The crucial question remaining is: What holds these particles so tightly together? A growing number of scientists think the answer is the pull of gravity.

• • •

THE idea that the outer depths of Earth's atmosphere are continually washed by a still vaster sea of electricity was first suggested three quarters of a century ago. A scientist named Balfour Stewart thought that movement of waves in such an ocean was the only reasonable explanation for regular fluctuations that occur in Earth's magnetic field, which causes directional compasses to point North.

It was not an outlandish notion, because magnetism and electricity exert powerful effects on each other. Magnetism can influence the direction of electric current, and electricity in turn can raise or lower the power of magnetic pull. But no one paid much attention to what Stewart said until 1901, the year when Marconi broadcast the first radio messages across the Atlantic Ocean.

How had Marconi done it? Radio waves travel only in straight lines. But Earth curves considerably between the eastern and western shores of the Atlantic. Theoretically, Marconi's messages should have gone right out into space and disappeared. Instead, they bounced back down to distant points on Earth's surface.

To explain this mysterious performance, two other scientists—A. E. Kennelly and O. Heaviside—independently developed a new theory postulating what then was called "the Kennelly-Heaviside layer" and is now known as the ionosphere.

The more that men have sounded this electrical sea, the deeper they have found it. At first, they thought it existed in layers. Now they know it is continuous. In 1957 experiments reported in these columns, radio signals were curved successfully from one end of the western hemisphere to the other along the great loops of Earth's magnetic field. The messages would not have reached their destination unless the electrical sea in which Earth floats were not much deeper than had theretofore been supposed. There had to be enough electrons far out to carry the signals. Other evidence indicated that appreciable densities of electrons are present at least as far as 20,000 miles away from Earth's surface.

The probability now seems to be that the electrical sea is really a fringe of the Sun's atmosphere. It is blown continually by a wind of solar particles that sometimes travels as fast as 900 miles per second and flattens the loops of Earth's magnetic field on the sunlit side of the planet.

During 1958, two American-made Earth satellites—Explorer I and Explorer III—crossed two unexpectedly strong currents in this mysteriously charged electrical ocean. One current lay between one and two Earth radii from Earth, the other between three and four radii. The currents appeared to be held in place by the curving lines of Earth's magnetic force.

Would it be possible for man to step up the power of these electrical currents, or perhaps to create similar currents nearer to Earth? A self-taught Greek scientist employed by the Atomic Energy Commission, Nicholas Christofilos, had speculated on the question and had concluded that

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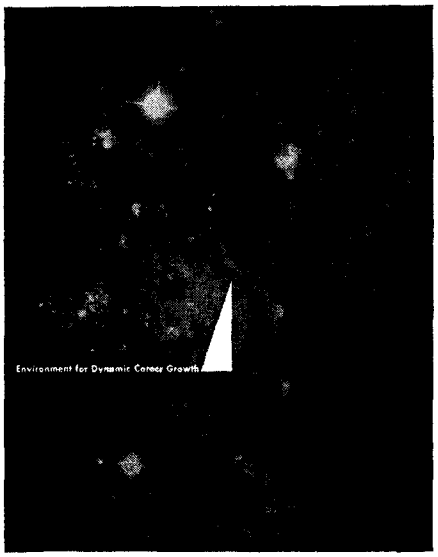

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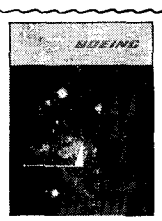

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such a feat would indeed be possible —with a hydrogen-bomb.

Last August 1, an H-bomb was exploded over Johnston Island near Samoa in the South Pacific. It created an artificial aurora visible many miles distant, and interfered with radio communication in the area. Another bomb explosion there on August 12 had similar repercussions. Three more bombs were set off on August 27, August 30 and September 6. These were in the South Atlantic near Antarctica. Each started a current in the electrical sea 300 miles above Earth's surface. Each current enveloped the globe within an hour.

When the news leaked in March, criticism of Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., President Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, appeared in print for the first time since his appointment. His influence at the White House is now widely recognized, and some editors felt he could have and should have prevented the Pentagon and the AEC from keeping the experiments secret. The Pentagon did not help matters by staging a press conference that told the public nothing. The *New York Times*, which broke the story exclusively, offered only conflicting accounts of the facts, which are to be reported straight at a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington on April 27.

One thing was clear: The AEC's old story that A-bombs and H-bombs are too weak to have any appreciable effect on Earth's atmosphere is untrue.

• • •

HOW do we begin to die? Just where does the mysterious stroke of death originate?

The first scientific theory intended to answer these age-old questions was published by Dr. Leo Szilard in the January 1959 *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*. A dry and frugal footnote tells us that the work was done while Dr. Szilard—ordinarily occupied with the affairs of the University of Chicago's Enrico Fermi Institute of Nuclear Studies—was serving as a consultant to the basic research program of the National Institute of Mental Health at Bethesda, Maryland. The NIMH is of course keenly conscious of the relationship between advancing age and mental illness at a time when the population of this country is aging markedly.

Dr. Szilard's thinking takes off from the fact that the basic hereditary unit in our makeup, the gene, can be responsible for the synthesis of a specific protein molecule, and that this molecule in many instances has a specific catalytic function in one of the chemical processes of the body. When the gene mutates, the change renders the gene incompetent to bring about the process for which it ordinarily would be responsible. When the bundle of changes inside us grows sufficiently large, we are incapacitated, we are crippled, and ultimately we die.

The theory assumes not one all-powerful death blow but a series of minor hits. The hits occur at random, with a speed that remains constant from the moment we are born. One hit disables one chromosome, to the extent of knocking out one of the working partners of a pair of genes harnessed to a given biological task. The chromosome continues to function, however, until the second partner also suffers a hit.

Each of us possesses altogether about 15,000 genes. The Szilard theory assumes that only 3,000 of these are important to the healthy life of an adult. To distinguish these effective operatives from all the other genes, the 3,000 are dubbed "vegetative" genes and the mutants of these "vegetatives" are called "faults."

If this were the whole story, the variation in the length of our lives would depend entirely on accidents, murders and wars. But this is not the whole story. The whole story begins generations before we are conceived. It is handed down in the genes of our forebears. By the time the chromosomes containing the 3,000 "vegetative" genes reach us, a certain number of hereditary "faults" have already occurred. In terms of age, it is as though we have already been scraped by the edge of Father Time's scythe before we emerge from the womb. Some of us are born relatively old.

Whatever individual age one of us has at the beginning of his own phase of the eternal process known as life, that age increases progressively with the number of "vegetative" genes that are disabled by the mysterious hits of time against the species. The progression is not entirely steady, for the really "old" newborn die off rapidly in the first year of existence and then at a slower rate to the age of ten years. After that time, inherited "faults" increase the death rate "only in conjunction with the hits of time, and they increase it appreciably only above 40 years of age)." From then on, the surviving fraction of vital genes "decreases with age at an accelerating rate."

Here Dr. Szilard begins his aging equation by writing the symbol "f" to represent the surviving fraction of genes. When "f" reaches a certain critical value, symbolized as "f*," "the individual . . . dies . . . within the year."

"Thus, in its crudest form," Dr. Szilard notes, "the theory postulates that the age at death is uniquely deter-

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mined by the genetic makeup of the individual."

This, however he adds at once, "cannot be strictly true, for, if it were true, identical twins would die within one year of each other." And the fact is that female identical twins die at differing intervals averaging out to three and a half years. So the reasoning has been refined to account for the variance in manifold ways, including the shielding effects of environmental conditions.

In underpinning his theory mathematically, Dr. Szilard takes a hypothetical, genetically perfect, white female and designates her age of death as the "lifespan of the (human) species." He finds that she, at 50 years of age, would have the same physiological age as today's average woman of 35 years.

The Szilard equation encompasses other women by postulating a basic time interval of the aging process and defining this interval as the difference between the life-expectancy of the genetically perfect woman and a woman whose genetic makeup includes one "fault."

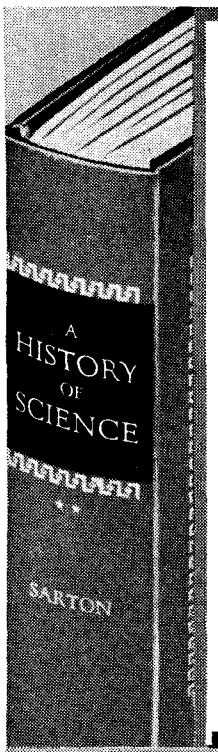
• • •

UNITED STATES Senator Jacob Javits, of New York, has asked for a report on the two jobs of Dr. Henry Welch. Dr. Welch is public salaried chief of the antibiotics division of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration and as such is responsible for scrutiny of antibiotic marketing. Dr. Welch is at the same time editor of *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibiotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy*, two journals which derive substantial income from drug advertising and from sale of reprints of articles which drughouses habitually buy in many thousands of copies. The advertising in the two journals includes ads for combination antibiotics, whose effectiveness has been questioned by leading medical researchers throughout America. Dr. Welch has thrown the weight of his authority and prestige in favor of the combination drugs.

Whether this dual functioning represents a conflict of interest is a question Senator Javits is considering in connection with his proposed code to prevent conflicts wherever they occur in government.

Senator Warren Magnuson, of Washington state, had previously stated his concern about the issue, which will probably come to a head at Congressional hearings on F and D A appropriations during the next month or two.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



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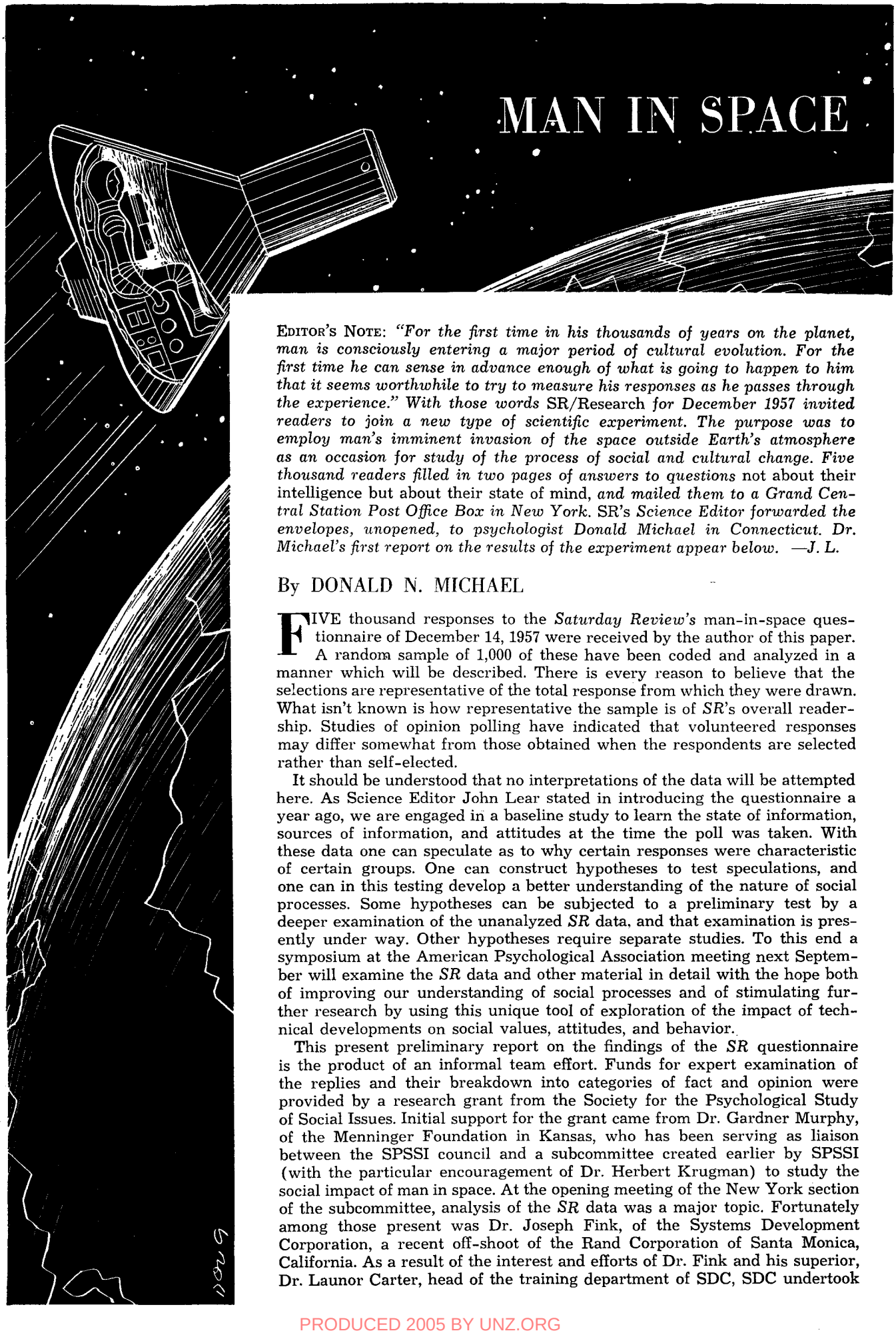

MAN IN SPACE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"For the first time in his thousands of years on the planet, man is consciously entering a major period of cultural evolution. For the first time he can sense in advance enough of what is going to happen to him that it seems worthwhile to try to measure his responses as he passes through the experience." With those words* SR/Research *for December 1957 invited readers to join a new type of scientific experiment. The purpose was to employ man's imminent invasion of the space outside Earth's atmosphere as an occasion for study of the process of social and cultural change. Five thousand readers filled in two pages of answers to questions* not about their intelligence but about their state of mind, *and mailed them to a Grand Central Station Post Office Box in New York.* SR's *Science Editor forwarded the envelopes, unopened, to psychologist Donald Michael in Connecticut. Dr. Michael's first report on the results of the experiment appear below. —J. L.*

By DONALD N. MICHAEL

FIVE thousand responses to the *Saturday Review's* man-in-space questionnaire of December 14, 1957 were received by the author of this paper. A random sample of 1,000 of these have been coded and analyzed in a manner which will be described. There is every reason to believe that the selections are representative of the total response from which they were drawn. What isn't known is how representative the sample is of *SR*'s overall readership. Studies of opinion polling have indicated that volunteered responses may differ somewhat from those obtained when the respondents are selected rather than self-elected.

It should be understood that no interpretations of the data will be attempted here. As Science Editor John Lear stated in introducing the questionnaire a year ago, we are engaged in a baseline study to learn the state of information, sources of information, and attitudes at the time the poll was taken. With these data one can speculate as to why certain responses were characteristic of certain groups. One can construct hypotheses to test speculations, and one can in this testing develop a better understanding of the nature of social processes. Some hypotheses can be subjected to a preliminary test by a deeper examination of the unanalyzed *SR* data, and that examination is presently under way. Other hypotheses require separate studies. To this end a symposium at the American Psychological Association meeting next September will examine the *SR* data and other material in detail with the hope both of improving our understanding of social processes and of stimulating further research by using this unique tool of exploration of the impact of technical developments on social values, attitudes, and behavior.

This present preliminary report on the findings of the *SR* questionnaire is the product of an informal team effort. Funds for expert examination of the replies and their breakdown into categories of fact and opinion were provided by a research grant from the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues. Initial support for the grant came from Dr. Gardner Murphy, of the Menninger Foundation in Kansas, who has been serving as liaison between the SPSSI council and a subcommittee created earlier by SPSSI (with the particular encouragement of Dr. Herbert Krugman) to study the social impact of man in space. At the opening meeting of the New York section of the subcommittee, analysis of the *SR* data was a major topic. Fortunately among those present was Dr. Joseph Fink, of the Systems Development Corporation, a recent off-shoot of the Rand Corporation of Santa Monica, California. As a result of the interest and efforts of Dr. Fink and his superior, Dr. Launor Carter, head of the training department of SDC, SDC undertook

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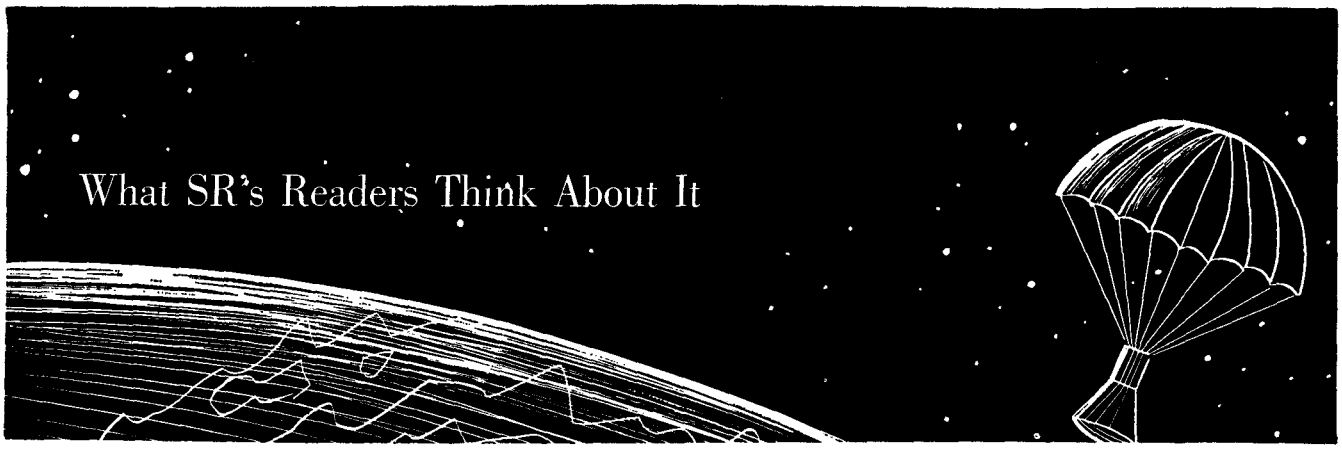

to punch the data into IBM cards and compute the results gratis. The data themselves will now be discussed.

What kinds of readers answered the questionnaire? Ages varied from under twelve to over seventy years, with most between thirteen and sixty. Twice as many men as women responded. Occupations ranged from housewives and beauticians to skilled workingmen and industrial executives, from research scientists to postal clerks. A third of the total sample was made up of clergymen, teachers, lawyers, doctors, and similar service professionals. About a tenth of the sample represented the sciences. Only about one respondent in twenty represented the professional humanist (writers, artists, musicians, philosophers) but, as we shall presently see, these were at least as "pro-space" as the scientists.

The fact section of the questionnaire (see page 62) was designed to determine how much readers knew about space at the time of Sputnik, the first Earth satellite. Twelve per cent of the respondents knew the relative size of the Sun and the Earth, but a third of the sample thought the Sun was at least 1,000 times smaller by comparison than it actually is and a fifth had no idea at all. The family of planets was well known, all but Neptune and Uranus being named by at least 80 per cent of the sample; 70 per cent knew those two as well. Expectation of life in space was high, fully three-quarters of the sample believing that science is prepared to find living things on Mars and/or Venus, and a third believing that scientists think there may be Earth-like human life on Mars and/or Venus.

The molecular properties which characterize air as opposed to space were clear to over two-fifths of the respondents. Another fifth said air and space were different in that there is no air in space. But 12 per cent said space begins where gravity leaves off. Estimates of the distance from Earth's surface to the beginnings of space ranged from less than ten miles to more than 1,000 miles.

About half of the sample correctly thought that the first two Earth satellites, Sputnik and Muttnik, were not in space throughout their orbits. Almost four-fifths appreciated that Earth satellites and the Moon behave in the same ways, but a bit less than half understood specifically that all orbits are maintained by a balance of centrifugal and gravitational forces. (See answer to question 4, page 63.) About 45 per cent of the sample gave good answers and explanations as to why rockets rather than planes are needed to explore space. Slightly less than a third knew why a rocket doesn't burn on the way up but is likely to do so on the way down.

Weightlessness was correctly ascribed by 37 per cent of the sample to a balance of forces canceling out the effects of gravity. Fifty per cent were wrong to the extent of saying there is no gravity in space. Only about a third recognized a "G" as the weight of a mass under the pull of gravity, yet slightly over half wrote 1,400 pounds for the weight of a 200-pound man under the pull of 7 "G's."

What must man protect himself against in space? Between 65 percent and 85 per cent of the respondents specified freezing, boiling blood, asphyxiation, damage from cosmic rays and meteorites, starvation and madness induced by loneliness. Loneliness, or at least the need to be protected against going mad from it, was least frequently checked as a source of threat.

How far is it to the Moon? At the time this quiz was answered, a fifth of the respondents knew the Moon was between 230,000 and 240,000 miles away. Another fifth had no idea of the distance. A third fifth figured it as substantially less than 238,000 miles. Whatever their estimate of distance, 70 per cent of the respondents selected a rocket from a space station as the scientist's choice for Moon travel.

Taking all the fact questions together and adding up the scores, we find that men scored better than women, 20-to-40-year-olds of both sexes better than under-20's and over-40's.

Where do readers say they got their information about space? From school first of all (30 per cent of the sample), secondly from magazines, thirdly from books. Contrary to a prevailing impression at the time of the *SR* questionnaire, children were not a major direct source of information about space for their elders, but almost a third of the respondents indicated that children attracted adult attention to the subject.

What did *SR* readers think about man in space? The major lines of opinion are noted in the question-and-answer summary on page 62. Emphasis has been placed on the opinion most emphasized in a respondent's answer, or, if the respondent's emphasis appeared equal, on the first response he listed. Although three-fourths of the respondents thought that efforts to put man into space were good, enthusiasm declined as the respondents' age rose: under-20 years, 85 per cent; 20-40 years, 78 per cent; 40-60 years, 75 per cent; 60 years and over, 61 per cent. And those who thought that man in space was downright bad moved in the opposite direction: under-20, 9 per cent; 20-40, 6 per cent; 40-60, 11 per cent; over-60, 24 per cent. Only .3 per cent expressed the opinion that putting man into space was immoral. Ten per cent more men than women were for space exploration. Occupationally, the least enthusiastic were clergymen, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and other professional service people (72 per cent for it); the professional scientists and the professional humanists were neck and neck for space (80 per cent and 79 per cent, respectively). All regions of the United States were within a few percentage points of each other. Foreign readers (chiefly British and Canadian, they made up 5 per cent of the total sample) showed

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—U.S. Air Force.

Pre-space Capt. J. W. Kittinger squeezes . . .

a slightly less favorable attitude (70 per cent) toward space exploration than American readers did.

Who wanted to volunteer for space travel now? Twice as many under-20's as 20-30's. By profession, humanists first; by region, westerners. Why? Fame, adventure, curiosity. Altogether, these represented only 28 per cent of the sample.

Foreign readers were more shocked about the Russian dog in space than American readers. Over twice as many women as men felt unhappy about it. But almost 70 per cent of the sample felt that animals must be used in this traditional scientific manner before man exposes himself.

The question of possible human-like life in space was not answered by half the respondents. It would be interesting to know why.

Readers who wish to check their own present information about space against the now known facts will find the original questionnaire reproduced below. Answers to the questions are in italics.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT MAN IN SPACE?

1. Do you personally feel that the effort to put man in space is good (76%) or bad (10%)? Why? *(Because it is good for man to seek new horizons, because knowledge is good.)*

2. Do you think the efforts to put man into space will have any effect on your own life? *(Predominantly yes.)* If so, what effect? *(Effects on the national economy, jobs, taxes. Fear of war was less than fear of higher taxes.*

3. Would you like to be one of the first people to explore space? (Yes—27%, no—69%). Why? *(Too dangerous, too uncomfortable.)*

4. How do you feel about the Russians putting a dog into space? Are you shocked by their willingness to let a helpless animal die alone, or do you believe it is necessary for animals to test whether space is safe for men? *(Few were shocked; most accepted it as necessary.)* What aspect (or aspects) of Sputnik and Muttnik made the deepest impression on you? *(The magnitude of scientific accomplishment, the magnitude of Russian accomplishment.)* What difference do you think it would make to the human race if other life equivalent to human life were found in the universe? *(Half the respondents did not answer this question; 19% said they would expect a change in values.)* Suppose this extraterrestrial life were superior to the human race, then what? *(We would learn from them. Only 2% of the respondents questioned whether we could communicate with them well enough to make ourselves understood.)* When you ponder such questions, do you think (not enough, enough, too much) attention is being paid to scientific research? *(Sixty-five per cent said not enough.)* Do you think (not enough, enough, too much) attention is being paid to research in the humanities? *(Here the not enough opinion jumped to 78%.)*

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SPACE?

1. Earth is one of nine planets (there are also an estimated 44,000 smaller asteroids) which travel in orbits about the Sun. How many times larger than the Earth is the Sun? *(1 million times.)* How many of the other planets can you name? *(Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Neptune, Pluto, Saturn, Uranus, Venus.)* On which if any of these do scientists think there may be (a) life? *(On Mars, possibly on Venus.)* (b) Earth-like human life? *(Not probable anywhere, but remotely possible on Mars.)*

2. Why is it that when we talk about the planets and the Sun and other stars we say that space separates them instead of saying that air separates them? What is the difference between the air and space? *(Air is composed of gas molecules capable of maintaining aerodynamic lift, filtering high energy waves and particles from the sunlight, supporting atmospheric pressure, wind, weather, the biological process of breathing. In space, the molecules are no longer present in sufficient quantity to provide such support.)*

3. How far away from Earth's surface does space begin? *(120 miles.)* What determines the boundary? *(Above that altitude so little is left of the atmosphere that its density is too thin to provide aerodynamic lift. From that point on, a vehicle can be kept up only by centrifugal force. See answers to questions Nos. 2 and 5. There are other air-space boundary definitions, including man's inability to compress air for himself to breathe above 80,000 feet, but the answer here given seems most precise.)*

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4. When Sputnik and Muttnik, the two Russian satellites, first appeared in the sky, were they traveling in space all the time? (Yes, No √) Why are they called man-made moons? *(Because their motion is governed by the same laws that govern the Moon's motion.)* Are they held in place by the attraction of the Sun, or by the same influence of the Moon that moves the tides in Earth's oceans, or by something else? Please be specific. *(They are held in place by an equal balance between the pull of gravity and the push of the centrifugal force of the energy spinning the satellites.)*

5. If we want to travel in space, why must we spend so much time and money in making rockets—why can't we just build a very big airplane and fly it out there? *(A plane depends on air for lift and for substance into which a propeller can bite and pull itself forward. Also, oxygen is needed to keep the fire burning in airplane fuels, including the fuels of jet planes. Space contains neither the substance nor the oxygen. A rocket carries a limited supply of oxygen within its body, and the fuel which burns with its help drives hot gases out of the exhaust pipe. Physical reaction to the movement of these gases in one direction pushes the rocket in the opposite direction.)*

6. Why is it that the very same rocket can shoot up through Earth's atmosphere intact, yet burn like a shooting star when it reaches the peak of its trajectory and shoots back down again? *(Air grows denser with nearness to Earth. A rising rocket thus travels slowest through the region of greatest resistance. In coming down, however, the rocket picks up speed as it falls and is traveling fastest through the densest air. Friction does the rest.*

7. The Russian dog in Muttnik is described as being weightless. What happens that makes the dog weightless? *(Weight is the effect of gravity acting on mass. When the force of gravity is counteracted, therefore, weight disappears. The dog was weightless because the force of gravity was counteracted by the centrifugal force that was keeping the satellite in orbit.)*

8. What is a G? *(The acceleration imparted by Earth's gravity.)* How much does a 200-pound man weigh when he is accelerated to 7 Gs? *(1400 pounds.)*

9. When man eventually ventures into space, he must protect himself against (a) freezing to death, (b) having his blood boil, (c) asphyxiating, (d) being hit by cosmic rays, (e) being hit by meteorites, (f) going mad from loneliness, (g) starving. *(All.)*

10. How far away is the Moon? *(A mean distance of 238,840 miles.)* If man goes to the Moon, do scientists expect he will land (a) in a non-stop rocket from Earth, (b) in a rocket from a space-station above Earth's atmosphere, (c) in a lunar ferryboat?

HOW DID YOU LEARN IT?

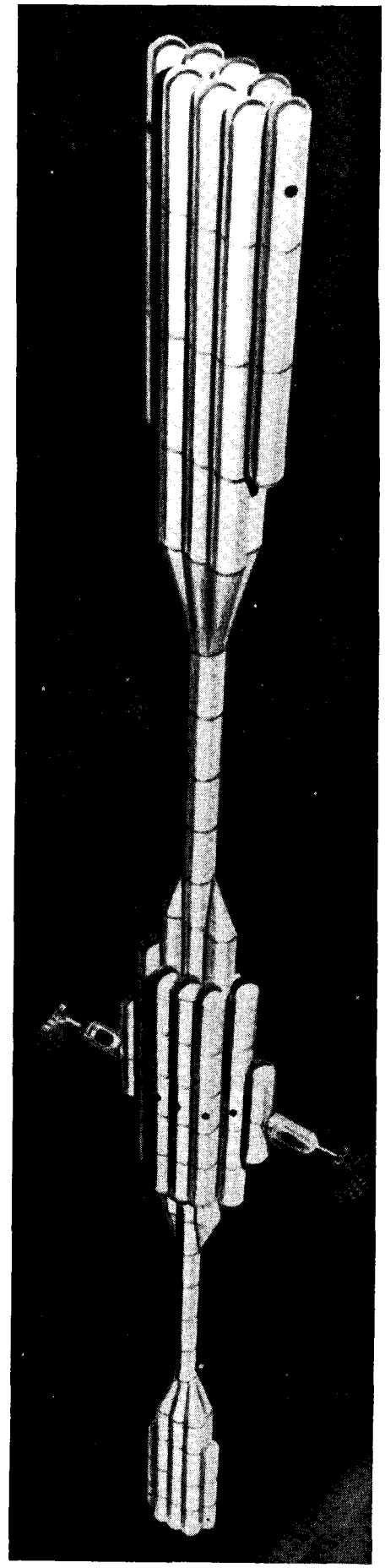
1. Indicate the three leading sources of your information about space, numbering them in order with the numeral 1 marking the most important. (a) school 1, (b) work 7, (c) technical books 4, (d) technical journals 6, (e) other books 3, (f) magazines 2, (g) newspapers 5, (h) radio 8, (i) TV 8, (j) your children 8, (k) their teachers 8, (l) your neighbors 8, (m) your friends 8, (n) others 7. Check any of the following who have expressed particular interest and knowledge of the subject: your clergyman____, physician____, dentist____, lawyer____, clerks in shops and stores____, policemen____, bus drivers____, taxi drivers____, children √, others.

2. Did you read or hear much about space before Sputnik went up? *(Yes—82%, no—16%.)*

3. Have you talked to others about Sputnik (more, about the same, less) than about other front page news items? *(Half the respondents answered more.)*

4. Have you talked about Sputnik to anyone with whom you usually don't discuss news events? (Yes 47%, No 52%.) If "yes," why? *(The most frequent reason was Sputnik's implication for Russian-United States relations.)*

5. Have you listened especially to discussion of the technology and/or implications of Sputnik by any particular persons to whom you don't especially attend with regard to news events? (Yes 27%, No 69%.) If "yes," was there any particular reason and if so what was the reason? *(Seventy per cent of the respondents did not answer this question.)*



—Convair.

. . . but *SR* readers await space liner comfort.

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What do the man-in-space answers tell us about ourselves? Two significant revelations are noted briefly below by a student of arts and letters, concerned with science in society as a staff member of SR/Research

SOCIABLE SCIENCE

By ROBERTA SILMAN

SR/RESEARCH was founded for the purpose of restoring science to its old, rightful place as an art and as a philosophy. Therefore, we have a particular interest in the response to the final question in the opinion section of *SR*'s man-in-space questionnaire. The question reads, "Do you think (not enough, enough, too much) attention is being paid to scientific research? Do you think (not enough, enough, too much) attention is being paid to research in the humanities?" Sixty five per cent of the sample taken from the 5,000 replies to the questionnaire felt that there is not enough scientific research, and seventy eight per cent felt that there is not enough research in the humanities.

This expression of judgement seems a logical and healthy recognition of the need for bridging the gap between science and society. But a startling and disturbing dissent comes from the under-20 age group. These young people take an opposite point of view from the majority of the sample. They believe too much money is being spent on research in the humanities. Moreover, within the minority of the sample holding the opinion against expanded research in the humanities, they are proportionately three times as great as those over 60 years of age and nine times as great as those between 20 and 60 years old. Why?

If anything would seem self-evident to a growing mind, it would be the need for human understanding and intelligent guidance of the power of science in our daily lives.

Why are the under-20's rejecting this one hope that older respondents to the SR questionnaire welcome in such overwhelming proportion?

I should like to refer to a statement written for SR/Research in February 1958 by Dr. Harry Alpert, then program director for social science research of the National Science Foundation: "Advance in social science depends on what social scientists indeed do; how well they teach at the undergraduate level . . ."

Here may be the key to the attitude reflected in the under-20 response to the *SR* space questionnaire. On a college campus various departments tend to compete with each other, and a student takes courses or majors in a particular subject because professors are very good, or because the classes are small, or because the standards are high and therefore challenging. Too often courses in the social sciences—particularly sociology and psychology— are known as easy credits. Students who are not willing to do the hard work required by the physical and natural sciences, the classics, or literature can get a degree in one of the social sciences. As a result, the bright student is repelled. Thus, while the prestige of the physical and natural sciences is rising on college campuses, the social sciences are falling. Only tougher standards of social science teaching can meet the challenge: What are we training children to care about?

Of course no professor of any subject, social science included, can teach a young person who is not prepared or not willing to learn. All any good teacher can do is to create an atmosphere of opportunity and encouragement. Rare personalities can accomplish the task alone, but even they would welcome support.

It is therefore gratifying to note the National Science Foundation's establishment of a new unit for social science studies under Dr. Henry W. Riecken, and the earlier appointment of an active committee on the social sciences within the National Academy of Sciences. Opportunity for a further gesture is now open to President Eisenhower. The resignation of T. Keith Glennan from the NSF governing board has vacated a place that might profitably be filled by a representative of the science we need most.

Space does not allow the extended appreciation one might wish of the many facets of thought reflected in the questionnarie replies. It seems justifiable, however, to make passing note of a rather considerable surprise.

We hear so much about the ability of TV to command attention for hours on end that it is difficult not to accept the enthusiasm at full value. Yet, questionnaire respondents do not consider TV as any great influence in formation of their ideas. Judging from their replies, thoughtful people turn to the home picture screen for dependable information only after exhausting the possibilities of updating their schooling (for most of them, it included college) through the reading of magazines, non-technical books, technical books, newspapers, technical journals and the specialized knowledge of their own professional colleagues *in that order*.

Because *SR*'s study is the first of its kind of such breadth, there is no way of comparing its findings point by point at this time. One of its areas of inquiry, however, overlaps an area of another study of space opinion made by the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan. The Michigan poll was conducted for the National Association of Science Writers under a grant of the Rockefeller Foundation. "Respondents giving magazines as their primary source of science news were more likely to have stated a scientific purpose and to have detailed information about it than were those spectfying newspapers, radio or TV," the Michigan pollsters reported.

Is it perhaps time to re-examine some of our recent educational trends? Is dependence on television being over-emphasized in the classroom? Is an open book still the best path into a child's mind?

These are the kinds of questions the man-in-space questionnaire was intended to provoke. By pondering them, all of us can further the cultural experiment here so promisingly begun.

If space has superior beings, can we communicate with them? Most man-in-space respondents avoided the question. Here's a scientist's reply as given to a space symposium at NY Academy of Sciences

SPACE AGENTS

By PROF. HAROLD LASSWELL

THE influence of scientific study on the future of space travel and migration will vary inversely with the difficulty and novelty of the conditions to be met. If it were suddenly to become technologically feasible to include other planets and satellites in ordinary airline itineraries, and if the conditions that prevail elsewhere were to present no serious problems, there would be little demand for advice from social and psychological scientists. Existing decision makers and their advisors would assume that they know all the answers. They would try to extend the

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situation now prevailing on the Earth throughout the new domain, precipitating a state of affairs resembling the race at the end of the last century to "open up Africa" and to bring under the effective jurisdiction of the major European powers the parts of the Earth they had failed to take over during previous generations of European expansion.

NONE of us expects space travel to open up as quickly and easily as that. Let us therefore adopt the assumption that at first travel will be difficult. Actually we have no very clear idea of what lies out there beyond the probing through cataracted eyes of our telescopes. The conquest of space may be inaugurated so slowly and with such a lively sense of ignorance and weakness that studies by behavioral scientists will be welcome rays in the prevailing darkness. It may even be that joint work among qualified investigators will be permitted on a world scale under official or even private auspices.

We are considering space travel then in the perspective of behavioral theory and procedure, seeking to identify problem areas and possible lines of approach. It is to be understood that my general propositions are to be read as questions, as hypotheses for discussion and inquiry.

ONE of the most tantalizing questions—and one that may not be settled until the expedition lands—is whether life of any kind, and especially life at an advanced level, is to be found. Fortunately, we have experience on Earth in getting into communication with primitive peoples. We can include in the ship's company an anthropologist-linguist with a practical as well as a theoretical turn of mind.

Would it make sense to lay in a stock of photographic slides or films designed to show where we are from and to declare the pacific intentions of the company? This is not as simple as it seems, since we know that the interpretation of still or moving images depends upon learning. Can we prepare alternative sets of training films capable of providing learning experiences for forms of life at several levels?

A MORE novel proposal, perhaps, is to search for individuals on Earth who have unusual talents and who, if otherwise acceptable, can be included in the ship's company on the chance that they will help us to solve the communication problem. Intellectual development elsewhere may have followed rather different lines than on Earth. What of ESP and related phenomena whose authenticity is still in dispute among us?

We need to consider in advance some of the questions that will arise if we find that a landing has been made among people whose cultures we can regard as comparable with folk societies on Earth. Presumably we will be sufficiently persuasive, or well-enough armed, to maintain our foothold, and to leave a garrison if a return trip is feasible. Under these conditions the members of the expedition will have time to refer back to Earth the questions of astropolitics that will arise. It is clear that we should anticipate the sharing of responsibility through the UN, if possible, for the pacific development of our new neighbors.

IT IS also relevant to anticipate the questions that will arise if the civilization that we encounter is similar to our own. A major intelligence point is whether the planet is politically united or, as among us, divided into hostile units. If the planet (or satellite) is divided politically with whom have we made contact? Presumably the expedition may land within the domain of a Great Power, a Middle Power, or a Weak Power. A further question is whether the landing will have been made among outlaws or with established authority.

Our strategical moves cannot be so clearly anticipated as in the case of folk societies. To complicate things further the local inhabitants may not allow our expedition to postpone important policy matters until we have had time to make a full, detailed and deliberate report home, and to wait until the wheels of decision have spun.

We must envisage the whole gamut of possible relations. Perhaps the ruling elements on the new planet will be willing to enter into peaceful incourse with the Earth. Or it may be that minority or dissident elements can be identified who, if assisted in seizing power, will adopt a policy of intercourse.

THE ship's company may have an opportunity to become an agent of one New World power bloc or another in furthering their imperialistic designs upon the Earth. A more subtle problem would appear if the New World has only recently succeeded in developing a system of public order that maintains peace and freedom. What would be the consequences of bringing a divided Earth into active intercourse with this system? Might it not stir old embers of disunion and violence as the minority parties and factions reached out to obtain support from Earth groups? Would the members of the expedition feel justified in acting as instruments whereby new discord is spread among advanced forms of life?

We do not overlook the most dramatic possibility of all. Perhaps a superior civilization (in the sense of mastery of science and technology) has come into existence, and our expedition is permitted to land in order to provide a specimen of life from Earth. Under these conditions the members of the expedition may have no choice but to destroy themselves immediately, if they can, rather than to be made to provide information and to act as involuntary tools for reducing the Earth.

HOWEVER, the issue might arise in terms that would provoke genuine conflicts of loyalty. Assume that the explorers are convinced of the stability and decency of the New World system of public order that exists alongside superlative achievements in science and engineering. Suppose that they are convinced of the militaristic disunity and scientific backwardness of the Earth. It is conceivable that the members of the expedition will voluntary assist in a police action to unify the Earth as a probationary colony of the New Order?

If it is feasible for the ship to take off on a return journey, a principal question will be what individuals are to be left behind. We cannot at present estimate the gravity of this decision. Perhaps several expeditions will be launched at about the same time, and communication between the Earth and the New World will be full and free. If we succeed in establishing friendly contact in advance with civilized inhabitants the whole undertaking will lose much of its formidable aspect. Should the individuals left behind find it necessary to live in a cramped garrison among hostile forces the situation will be familiar.

One question that may come up is whether the return is to be made with a visitor on board. The significance of this will depend upon many factors, especially those connected with the level of civilization. At the lowest level the scientist's desire for specimens is a lively motive. If contact is made with higher civilizations the returning mission would take on an autonomous character.

ON THE return journey any latent political conflict among expedition members may burst into the open. It may be regarded as of political importance what part of a yet-divided Earth receives the homing ship. Further, the possibility is not to be excluded that rivalry may be sufficiently intense to result in attempts at hijacking on the way back.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXXVII

OUR SUNLIT STATESMAN: PROF. FARRINGTON DANIELS

This Ambassador of Chemistry Sees Solar Energy

As a Positive Expression of Foreign Policy

MADISON, WIS.

FOUR years ago Professor Farrington Daniels, the small, self-effacing, exceptionally energetic scientist who chairs the chemistry department of the University of Wisconsin, attended a world congress on solar energy at New Delhi. After the meeting he went on a tour of India's semi-arid lands. At one stop Daniels's fellow tourists saw four bullocks, driven by two men, hauling water from a fifty-foot-deep well with an animal hide bucket to irrigate the thirsty soil. But what Daniels himself perceived was that four oxen and two men were producing no more horsepower than could have been generated by the sunlight blocked off by the shadow of one of the bullocks.

"That scene changed my whole life," Daniels says. The man is incredibly modest and it doesn't occur to you, until after you leave him, how considerable a change took place. Before he was, so to speak, sunstruck, the Professor's niche in American science had been clearly cut by his work in chemical kinetics, oxides of nitrogen, atomic power, thermoluminescence of crystals, and photochemistry. He had achieved a vice presidency of the National Academy of Sciences, the presidency of the Geochemical Society and elder statesmanship (1953 presidency) of the American Chemical Society.

Against that background the bullock's shadow fell with such impact that Daniels asked his wife, Olive, a talented amateur artist, to preserve the memory of India. Her painting of the bullocks hangs on the wall facing his desk in the chemistry building of the university here. To Daniels, the canvas symbolizes the essential problem of solar energy: How can this enormous and virtually free source of power be made available to nonindustrialized nations that need it most but cannot afford expenditure of large capital?

Daniels is no sociologist, but he is an intensely practical man with a distinguished scientific career who is convinced that the problem can be solved. And beginning this summer, when he must retire from the university because he has reached the mandatory age limit of seventy years, Daniels will devote full time to solar energy research.

If you had asked Farrington Daniels at the start of World War II which of the two—solar energy or nuclear energy—would be the first to be of practical use to man, Daniels would have picked solar power. The engineering breakthroughs required to exploit the atom were much more imposing than the ones needed to put the sun's rays to work, Daniels still believes. He ought to know. He directed the University of Chicago's metallurgical laboratory (a key component of the original Manhattan Project) in 1945 and 1946, and was chairman of the board of governors of the Atomic Energy Commission's Argonne National Laboratory from 1946 to 1948.

The problem as he sees it is as follows. Enough sunlight falls daily on the United States to meet the energy requirements of the entire world 10,000 times over. But the sun's energy is dilute. To collect it for powering engines or making electricity, the light must be concentrated by using parabolic reflectors. With such surfaces it is possible to attain extremely high temperatures—up to 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit. But parabolic mirrors and the machinery and controls required to keep them turned toward the sun are expensive. Flat plates of dark materials covered with glass will collect the sun's heat efficiently for the lower temperatures required in home heating. But collectors covering a large area are needed. These and the heat storage system necessary for periods of cloudy weather are costly. Besides, what do you do for electricity after the sun goes down? This problem was solved ingeniously at a mine in the southwest, which used its solar engine to pump water to an elevated reservoir. The water was run back through a turbine at night to generate electricity to light the mine. But elevated reservoirs are too expensive to make this a practical solution.

Familiar with the ingenuities of science from long experience, however, Daniels is not dismayed by these technological barriers. What worries him is the human equation. For example, the cheap parabolic solar cookers made out of aluminum for use in India have gained little acceptance there because of ancient custom. Solar cookers must, of course, be open to the sun. They must be used outdoors. But in India beggars are entitled to a helping from the family's meal. Al fresco dining acts as an invitation.

"The era of solar energy," Daniels comments ruefully, "is not just around the corner."

Though fearful that there may be a counter-reaction among some of his colleagues who were overenthusiastic about the sun's potentialities a few years ago, Daniels himself is not only undiscouraged but actually excited about solar energy's future. Paradoxically, he believes that its first practical use in America may be for air conditioning in the south.

"I'm going to be disappointed," he said recently, "if I don't cool my office with solar energy this summer."

Daniels and John Duffie, director of the University of Wisconsin solar energy laboratory, already have developed an experimental solar refrigerator that utilizes the vapor absorption principle. The device consists simply of two stainless steel spheres connected by a pipe, and an insulated box to contain whatever is to be kept cool. One of the two spheres is larger than the other. It holds ammonia gas dissolved in liquid lithium nitrate. When the sphere is heated, the gas "boils" out of the liquid, through the pipe and into the smaller sphere, where it condenses into liquid ammonia. If the heat is then withdrawn from the larger sphere, the air pressure drops first in that sphere and then, by means of the pipe, in the smaller sphere, permitting the liquid ammonia there to vaporize into its former gaseous state. This evaporation cools the smaller sphere, which in turn cools any container within which it rests.

The present experimental model of the Wisconsin solar refrigerator is

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—Wisconsin U.

Prof. Farrington Daniels.

an awkward affair. The dumbbell arrangement of the spheres is first set out in the sun, whose rays are reflected onto the larger sphere with a parabolic mirror. When the proper amount of heat has been generated, the dumbbell is taken out of the sun. The smaller sphere is dropped into the insulated box, which has a vertical slot beneath its lid at one end to permit insertion and withdrawal of the pipe connecting the spheres.

Obviously, this won't work in a modern kitchen. But Daniels says there's no reason why refined models can't have the smaller sphere fixed permanently inside the house, with the large sphere outdoors subject to sun or shade as required.

Solar air conditioning, Daniels believes, will call for the collection of sunlight over an area about the same size as the room or rooms that are to be cooled. He considers the method practical for the southern United States for several reasons. When cooling is needed most, solar energy will be the most intense. And direct conversion of solar heat to refrigeration is comparatively simple. For large scale installations, it probably will be necessary to turn the sun's heat into electricity. This entails periodic use of high generating capacities and is expensive—now. For the future, Daniels sees the possibility of devices that convert solar heat directly to electricity (already possible with new semiconductors), fuel cells that store electricity in the form of hydrogen and oxygen (several firms are developing them) and complete solar installations for the home that provide heat, light, and electricity for cooking.

"To cook by electricity from solar power sounds fantastic," he says, "but I'm going to work on it."

Daniels believes that the United States has in solar energy a unique opportunity to regain the respect of the millions who live in nonindustrialized countries. "Our biggest incentive in the development of solar energy," he says, "is our responsibility to help them."

Fortunately for the objectives he has in mind, Farrington Daniels's habits of work are almost exactly what modern psychologists urge us to avoid. He has no hobbies or interests outside his work, and his chief form of dissipation is to stay up late studying. He does not smoke, drink, play bridge or enjoy chitchat or cocktail parties. On the occasions when he invites his university colleagues for a social evening in his green-shuttered white colonial house (framed by evergreens he planted thirty-five years ago), it is customary for him to show slides of the latest Daniels foreign trip, with the host narrating the travelog. It usually turns out, however, that Daniels was so busy studying during the journey that he did not pay full attention to the sights. Mrs. Daniels often has to interrupt apologetically to explain where a picture was really taken.

Daniels is devoted to his family, most of whom have gone off to Oregon, largely as a matter of coincidence. There are two sons, both physicians (one of them, a physiologist, is doing research into the effects of sunburn); two daughters, married respectively to college professors of English and political science; and ten grandchildren.

MEMBERS of the Wisconsin chemistry department often appear at their offices on Saturday mornings. They usually find Daniels at work, no matter what the hour of day. He always has time for students. Neither his patience nor his understanding ever seems to be exhausted, even when the demands on him reach into his Sundays. This undoubtedly had something to do with the decision of the northeastern section of the American Chemical Society to give him its James Flack Norris award in 1957 for excellence in teaching.

It was a good teacher, the professor remembers, who first interested him in chemistry. That was at East Side High School in Minneapolis, where Daniels was born seventy years ago, son of the midwest superintendent of American Express. From the University of Minnesota, which graduated him with a B.S. degree in chemistry in 1910, young Daniels went to Harvard for a Ph.D. After teaching at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, he served in the chemical warfare service of World War I, then joined the fixed nitrogen research laboratory of the U.S. government before coming to Wisconsin in 1920.

Here his upward steps have been marked by the Baker lectureship at Cornell University in 1935, the chairmanship of the chemical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1937 and in 1947, the American Chemical Society's Willard Gibbs medal in 1955. When the chairmanship of the Wisconsin chemistry department opened in 1952, the customary secret ballot of the department staff elected Daniels unanimously on the first vote.

The pace of Daniels's life has always been fast, never hasty. He loves precision, derives pleasure from accomplishing as many different and seemingly conflicting activities as possible in a day. On one occasion the only way he could make connections for a speaking engagement was to ride in the cab of a switching locomotive. He was delighted. He will schedule speaking engagements out of town that bring him back home to Madison's Truax Air Field only half an hour before a class. Mrs. Daniels will be waiting for the plane.

The closest Daniels has ever been known to come to being pressed for time was during the period of his presidency of the American Chemical Society. Then the telephone rang so often that he had to desert his office for fifteen minutes before each class. He spent that time beside a window at the top of the stairs, reviewing his lecture notes. To save minutes in those especially fast-paced days, Daniels ate lunch at a somewhat dingy campus eatery across University Avenue from his office. Day after day, an observer reports, the professor would simply walk in, nod at the man behind the counter and say, "I'll have the usual." It was a baked ham sandwich. Now that the heat is off, he can afford the ten minute walk to the student union dining room.

Daniels does not expect other members of the chemistry department to live at his own speed. He has been known to caution a colleague not to take his work too seriously for fear of developing an ulcer. This consideration for others is typical. In the operation of the chemistry department he urges his views strongly, but accepts an opposition majority vote without rancor.

His retirement from the University will not remove Daniels from the Wisconsin campus. Though off the payroll, he will remain at work as a condition of the Rockefeller Foundation's second quarter-million-dollar grant to the solar energy laboratory. Haunted by the shadow of a bullock, Farrington Daniels, bouncing along like a man ten years his junior, will keep his honored place in the sun.

—JAMES C. SPAULDING.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

KOOKABURRA ON THE ROCKS

'Tis a Rare Flighty Creature that Grows into an Old Fossil

AMONG the most beautiful creatures we see about us today are the birds. Whether it is the kookaburra in the old gum tree, a flock of geese flying south in wedge formation, the brilliant quetzal in a tropical cloud forest, or the bluebird in the backyard, they all have their charm. Birds are readily differentiated from all other kinds of vertebrates in having a covering of feathers to insulate the body. Yet feathers in many ways are quite like the scales in reptiles. However, instead of simple scales, feathers have barbs and barbules that make up the fluffy plumage. Like mammals, birds have warm blood, a regulated body temperature, and a four-chambered heart, but they differ from mammals in having a right instead of a left aortic arch. Actually, though, they are so closely related to reptiles that some authorities have thought seriously of placing them in a class *Sauropsidea* with the reptiles.

There are bird lovers in every country of the world. Consequently, birds have been so carefully studied that no living group of animals of their magnitude is better known. But this is not true of their fossil record. For the most part bird fossils are rare, a possible exception being the tar pits of Pleistocene (most recent past) age in California, where thousands of bones have been collected. If bones are to be preserved as fossils, they must be buried quickly before bacterial decay and weathering can destroy them. The very structure of the bird makes this unlikely. Most of the hard parts of animals that became fossils were buried in water. If the body of a bird fell into any of these waters, it would tend to float for some time because of its feathered covering and because the body cavity in most birds is filled with air sacs that penetrate even into the bones, especially those in the legs, wings, neck vertebrae, and head. Such specimens would have been subjected to the ravages of fish, reptiles, and other kinds of hungry creatures. Mostly detached water-soaked parts sink to the bottom, and these are what we usually find. The end of a humerus, part of a limb bone, or a neck vertebra may be all that remains of a complete skeleton. Skulls are seldom found.

One of the arguments cited by those who were opposed to Darwin's theory of evolution was the origin of birds. It was thought that living birds were so distinct from other vertebrate animals that surely nothing other than special creation could explain their existence. At that time comparatively nothing was known of the fossil record of birds, partly because paleontology was still in its early growth, and few fossils were known. But this interpretation did not prevail. Just twelve years after Darwin's book on the origin of species appeared, a fossil imprint of a feather was discovered by a stone worker in the Solnhofen slates in the Altmuhl Valley of Bavaria. It was quite clear that some animal with feathers had lived as early as the late Jurassic (early reptile). Christian Erich Herman von Meyer called it *Archaeopteryx* (Greek, *archae*, ancient; *pteryx*, wing) *lithographica*. A year later, in 1861, the presence of a feathered creature in those gray lithographic slates was fully confirmed. The second discovery was made near Pappenheim in the same valley. Evidently the specimen had been partly consumed and disarranged by some predaceous animal before it was covered with fine-grained sediments. Parts of the body, one leg, and the head and neck were missing. The specimen showed clear impressions of the feathers around the body, along its long tail, and on its legs, but characters in the bones were primarily reptilian. This then, was the answer to Darwin's critics. Sir Richard Owen of the British Museum insisted that it was a bird, though Johann Andreas Wagner of Munich referred to it as a winged reptile. For many years British scientists recognized that a small detached part on the same slab of slate was an endocranial cast with a few bone fragments and part of the maxilliary containing a few teeth. . . .

IF A bird lover of today were to be placed back among warm-to-tropical lakes, streams, and forests of the Eocene (early mammalian), he would

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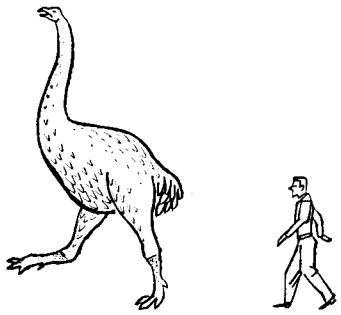


—From the book.

Fossils-to-be (to scale).

be hard pressed to recognize the families of the feathered creatures about him. There he would see swimming and diving birds ancestrally close to the ducks and geese. Perched on the bough of a dead tree would be another much like a cormorant or a boobie. As the wide-eyed observer moved along the water's edge, there would be birds resembling, loons, tropicbirds, gulls, pelicans, cranes, herons, flamingos, curlews, killdeers, sandpipers, gallinules, rails, and many others, all after fish or other kinds of life in the water, along the muddy shores, and among the reeds. Soaring overhead would be vulturelike birds on the sharp lookout for dead mammals or any other carcass. One of them, the stilt vulture, so named because his long slender legs carried his head some eighteen inches above the mud, seemed to prefer dead fish. Back in the forest there would be hawks, owls, and something that looked like a woodpecker. Out in the semi-open grassland there would appear an entirely different bird. It would stand seven feet high but most conspicuous would be its powerful head and beak. This huge ground bird could have been *Diatryma* or *Gastornis* with vestigial wings incapable of flight. Less apparent would be birds somewhat like grouse. . . .

THE penguins, a peculiar yet most fascinating order of birds, have attracted human attention universally perhaps because of their walking upright and because of their almost human antics. They seem to have been restricted throughout their existence to the Southern Hemisphere. They are, of course, common in Antarctica, and may be found in the water or on floating ice in the South Pacific and South Africa, and Australia. The Galapagos penguin is the only species as far north as the equator.

Their relationships to other birds are not clearly understood, though it seems that they may have had a common ancestry with the oceanic albatrosses, shearwaters, and fulmurs. Even in the earliest known species of the age of mammals they seem to have been quite incapable of flight. . . .

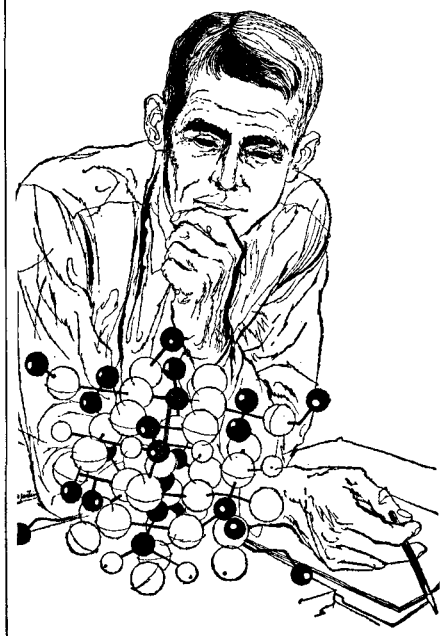
Fossil remains of several genera are known. They occur on the Island of Seymour and in South America. A few fragments have been discovered in Australia and New Zealand. In 1933 George Gaylord Simpson had his field party recover the first fossil skeleton from rocks in Argentina. Marples has described other fossils of New Zealand. The largest extinct penguin is estimated to have been about five feet tall. . . .

The most gigantic of all the feathered creatures are some of the ground birds. At first it was thought that all of them must be closely related, but later detailed studies disclosed that they belong to not less than seven orders. It seems then that many groups of birds have quite independently lost the power of flight which their predecessors had attained well back in the Mesozoic (age of reptiles). . . .

IN 1839 John Rule showed up in London with part of the shaft of a femur which he thought was a "relic of bird-life rare and original." This historic bone, picked up somewhere in New Zealand, had both ends missing, but the surface features were well preserved. It was only six inches long but was 5.5 inches in circumference. After some persistent persuasion on the part of Rule, Professor Richard Owen of the Royal College of Surgeons examined the bone critically. With his unexcelled knowledge in anatomy as a background, Owen not only confirmed Rule's opinion that it belonged to a large bird but stated that the bone had belonged to a bird heavier and more sluggish than an ostrich. It was named *Dinornis novaZealandiae* by Owen. In the meantime, in New Zealand the Reverend William Colenso, explorer and naturalist, had come much to the same conclusion, but because of Maori legends he assumed the birds could fly.

Little did these early investigators realize the abundance of the remains or the number of genera and species of these gigantic-ground birds that would eventually turn up on the island. The bones were found buried in stream beds, bogged down in swamps, covered with drifting sand, and in aboriginal camp sites. Abundant evidence has been found to show that the early natives killed the moas for food and cooked them in earthen pits five feet in diameter. Egg shells ten inches in diameter and twenty-four inches in circumference were found at some of the camp sites and buried in sand. The birds ranged from turkey size to others nearly twelve feet tall. . . .

—R. A. STIRTON
in "Time, Life and Man,"
(John Wiley & Sons, $9).



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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Bess Harvey.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Toward new tools of political thought to bring the ever-multiplying facets of modern government back into the focus of the individual voter? It's a reasonable possibility if we care enough about it to try, research psychologist Dr. Arthur Brodbeck says in the concluding chapter of "American Voting Behavior," (Free Press, $7.50) a book he has just written with Eugene Burdick. An experimental working model already exists in the method of communication between psychoanalysts and their patients. It has proved that people are neither as unintelligent nor as incapable of remembering and correlating information as is commonly supposed. If we can conquer a neurotic tendency which doctors call "selective inattention," we will have come a long way. Below is a compressed estimate of how far we have to go.*

By ARTHUR J. BRODBECK
(Mt. Sinai Hospital, Los Angeles)

THERE is a contemporary development within psychoanalytic thinking which has some bearing upon the ways in which processes of permanence and change may be studied in relationship to voting practices in American politics. It comes from the writings of Harry Stack Sullivan, who is often spoken of as the "American Freud." Sullivan focussed on a phenomenon which he titled "selective inattention."

Let me give a hypothetical example. Two men develop a professional friendship in which intimate intellectual collaboration is involved. One of the two repeatedly profits from his association with his partner. He is recommended for special awards and consultancies, for special lectures and for contributions to publications by his professional associate. All the skills of the latter are patiently taught to the former. Yet the profiting partner refuses to communicate or share the special skills he has developed with his associate.

The more giving member of the pair cannot bring himself to believe he could extend an intimate professional friendship toward anyone who was two-faced and essentially hostile. He does not bring each repeated bit of evidence of his partner to bear on the next bit of evidence, nor link up his anxiety over this evidence with past-life experiences in other relationships that have threatened his self-esteem by a recognition of his gullibility to people who enjoy the process of duping.

One need only glance at the Eisenhower-Stevenson elections, to see how much selective perception goes on during a political campaign. A position is frequently ascribed to a party or candidate, with whom a voter is identified, which is not the true position of that party or candidate. The position of an opposing party may be severely distorted. The inconsistencies among the leaders of a party may be glossed over so that it appears that all of the leaders share a common position. It takes but a brief review of the voting, therefore, to surmise that Sullivan's "selective inattention" concept has an enormous potential for understanding the principles underlying voting processes.

There is some tendency in our American society to look upon people in power, or people who attempt to occupy positions of power, as people with evil, non-democratic intentions. The idea that power ennobles—i.e., brings out the best aspects of the personality of all involved in the power situation—has seldom been scrutinized for the conditions under which it might hypothetically and actually be a fair statement to make about events. The science of electioneering could perhaps take on an added dignity by suffusing into it some of the study of the same basic principles which govern the science of psychotherapy. There is no reason why a candidate and his party should not function, in a democratic society, in a way calculated to reduce the selective inattention to issues among its supporters as well as among its non-supporters.

Pertinent to studies of selective inattention processes occurring during elections is the notorious reputation Americans have acquired for their formidable ability to store up great masses of facts within themselves about anything that interests them deeply. Yet, one often hears that a political campaign must recognize the "realities" which turn out to be that people cannot keep "all the political facts" in mind and think on anything but the most primitive levels.

Look at the same issue when it concerns psychotherapy. A staggering amount of communication goes on between a patient and therapist during a psychoanalysis. Freud demonstrated empirically how huge reservoirs of information are stored in "the unconscious" and can be brought to awareness when conditions are appropriate. He says, in essence, that *most* information is *never* irretrievably lost.

It would not be too optimistic to expect that gradually there will be found techniques of thinking about events in which the limited human capacity to absorb information is reconciled with the need to avoid selective inattention. The kind of "map" one has of one's social environment may make it more humanly possible to absorb more information than was hitherto thought possible, or at least, if the "map" is comprehensive enough, it may assist the thinker to not neglect huge areas of information toward which selective inattention might otherwise operate.

Pessimism, then, about the potential of the electorate to receive a full array of the relevant information regarding political campaigns may be more defensive than is necessary. When interested, Americans do store up mountains of information in any area of concern. (And the voting studies show that large-scale apathy among the electorate —perhaps a more important limiting condition than the capacity to absorb facts—is much more amenable to change. It comes out of the "boredom" induced by politicians who do not believe in the ability of the electorate to be influenced by anything other than Madison Avenue techniques of suasion.) Secondly, we have not been as inventive about teaching people how to think as we could be and as our age requires as all institutions and decisions grow infinitely more complex than they once were. We have not yet taught people how to rise to the occasion of a movement toward a "mass society" by offering them new cognitive tools.

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